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The Week

AFTER all, public opinion in the United States does count for something. It has succeeded single-handed in forcing Secretary Kellogg to right-about-face on Nicaragua and Mexico. He has tried to conceal his defeat in a maze of diplomatic language, asserting that "there has been no change whatever in the government's policy," and that "from the beginning of the trouble over a year ago, the United States offered its good offices and exerted its influence to compose the differences." This statement is at most a half truth. Two weeks ago our government was talking war. Today it is talking peace. Two weeks ago Diaz was to be kept in power, by force of our arms; Sacasa was to be isolated by a cordon sanitaire. Today Washington is full of soft words about arbitration, mediation and conciliation. One week Mexico's cloven hoof is seen in Nicaraguan affairs, and we propose to stop her at all costs. The next week Mexican interference has suddenly vanished from Mr. Kellogg's mind, Mexican Bolshevism has been forgotten. Even as to the oil law dispute itself, he is today singing exceedingly small. The Secretary of State knows enough to realize that when he has brought the avalanche down it is time to retire, at least temporarily, into his cave.

THIS does not mean, however, that the public opinion which has exerted itself so effectively can now afford to relax its efforts. On the contrary. The danger is far from ended; to assume that it is would be a fatal mistake. No one can suppose that Secretary Kellogg, and the powerful elements which stand with him, really believe they were in error, or have been converted to a new policy. No one should imagine that President Coolidge has put pressure on the State Department from any other than opportunist motives. The effort to insure our continued dominance in Nicaragua will be resumed just as soon as it seems safe to do so; the attempt to bully Mexico into following our wishes is sure to be continued. The only difference is that in the future our diplomats will try to play their cards a little less bunglingly. It is important that measures be inaugurated at once to end the present muddle in Nicaragua; it is also important that those who disapprove of our recent ventures should recognize the fact that they were quite in accord with the major drift of our whole policy toward Latin America for many years, and particularly for the past two decades. It is impossible to get anywhere by treating the Nicaraguan and Mexican episodes as unique; that is just what they are not. It is high time for Americans, who have been complacent in their ignorance, to ask themselves: What has been our policy in the past? Do we want it continued? If not, with what do we propose to replace it?

CREDIT for the shift in the administration's attitude must be distributed in several places. The daily press for the most part acted with unusual intelligence and independence in analyzing Secretary Kellogg's actions, puncturing his arguments and riddling his ridiculously inadequate "evidence." The New York World published a series of brilliant editorials fully worthy of the best traditions of Ameri-

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can journalism. The New York Times spoke with a vigor which was doubly effective because so unusual in its rather placid editorial columns. Senator Borah, after a fortnight of inexplicable silence, at last spoke out effectively on the Nicaraguan issue, and Senators Wheeler and La Follette and others performed a useful public service by their utterances. President William Green of the American Federation of Labor raised his voice against the notion that Mexican labor is Bolshevist. Numerous organizations devoted to peace mobilized their memberships quickly and effectively. We welcome the episode not only for its own sake, but as a sign that the country is at last beginning to throw off its long post-war apathy. Even the doings of Mr. Coolidge begin to appear not altogether sacrosanct and beyond criticism on the part of prominent newspapers. It is a healthy sign.

AMONG the casualties of the great Nicaraguan war must be counted William Randolph Hearst. Mr. Hearst, who once upon a time was supposed to stand with the common people against the weight of organized wealth, leaped forward joyously at the prospect of the use of force to maintain American capitalism in Mexico and Nicaragua. Inside a border of flags he printed a signed statement hailing the late Kellogg plan as "at last a real American policy." He congratulated President Coolidge for his "firmness," and added that "we have been weak and vacillating too long in the foreign policy of our government. We have been following the feeble policies of Wilson rather than the inspiring policies of Cleveland and Roosevelt." Arthur Brisbane, who is often the mouthpiece of Hearst policies, wrote that "the London Times thinks we are modifying the Monroe Doctrine, claiming special rights of intervention, etc. Quite correct, we are. . . . Dollars without cannon behind them are feeble things, like flabby jellyfish. It is the cannon that transforms flabby dollars into vertebrate dollars." We are glad to report that the espousal of this pernicious doctrine by Messrs. Hearst and Brisbane seems to have been wholly without effect on the public mind. All the available evidence goes to show that it was a dud, as completely as was the great "league of the Anglo-Saxon peoples" which issued from the same source a few weeks earlier. We do not know the reason for this strange ineffectiveness; but whatever it is, the result in this case can only be described as a public blessing.

THE Supreme Court decision in the Mal Daugherty case is an occasion for whole-hearted rejoicing. The court rules unanimously (Justice Stone not sitting) that Congress has the power to compel witnesses to appear before investigating committees, and that if they are recalcitrant, they can be cited for contempt. The only limitation is that the investigation shall be preliminary to proposed legislation—a reasonable restriction and one which can readily be met in the future by modifying the phraseology of the resolutions which create investigating committees. For the present the decision is likely to be of more theoretical than practical importance; most of the testimony Mal Daugherty was asked to give has already been heard in connection with the first Daugherty-Miller trial in New York City, and will probably be repeated in the second trial next month. As for the investigations of primary election frauds in Illinois and Pennsylvania, these apparently do not come under the scope of the new decision, since they have to do, not with investigations preliminary to new legislation, but with an inquiry by the Senate into the "elections, returns and qualifications" of its members. In the long run, however, the decision will prove of the very greatest importance; and to realize this, one need only consider the result if it had gone the other way. The Senate and House would have been shorn of all power to compel testimony; in any future oil scandal or looting by an Ohio Gang, the miscreants could have thumbed their noses blithely at a Walsh or a Wheeler; the last safeguard against venality in high office would have been destroyed. Democracy has got safely around a bad corner; and for once, the Supreme Court has been unanimous in helping it to do so.

THE decision of the Tennessee Supreme Court in the Scopes case is disappointing from every point of view. Evidently the judges are ashamed of the law, hope it will become a dead letter, and have tried to put an end to the notoriety Tennessee is receiving. They find the law constitutional but set Scopes free on technical grounds, the judge having imposed a fine when it was the jury's duty to do so. As a result, it will probably be impossible to carry the appeal to the Supreme Court as the defense had hoped to do, unless a rehearing before the Tennessee Supreme Court is obtained and a different decision given. One of the judges believes the law is invalid, because of "vagueness." Another thinks there is no objection to teaching evolution unless it is accompanied by "materialism." The majority opinion of the Court advises, in view of the ambiguity of the law, that the subject of man's origin and development on earth be entirely omitted from the school curriculum! As a result of the decision, teachers in Tennessee schools do not know where they stand, or what they may or may not tell their students. The New Republic has from the first assumed that Tennessee has the right to pass any law which seems good to its citizens, and that the only satisfactory way to deal with such a situation as was created by the anti-evolution statute was to bring the Tennesseans to a realization of the folly of their legislature —a state of mind which some of them long ago arrived at. Nevertheless, we regret that the process of appeal cannot be carried through to its conclusion and that most of the effort and expense of the Scopes trial has apparently been wasted.

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ARTHUR GARFIELD HAYS, of the American Civil Liberties Union, believes it has not been wasted. "Tennessee never will try to enforce that law again," he observes. "It is dead." We should like to agree with him, but we feel he is overly optimistic. The law was passed by the lunatic fringe—a broad one—of the Fundamentalist movement. We doubt whether a single individual in that group has changed his position as a result of the trial. Certainly, the similar zealots in other states have not been deterred. Mr. Hays's own organization points out that forty state legislatures will be in regular session this year, and that a determined, well financed drive is under way to put a law like that of Tennessee on the statute books in every one of them. Mississippi has such a law now. In two other states evolution teaching is restricted by resolution. In three others textbooks explaining evolution are barred from the public schools. Campaigns have already been started in Arkansas, California, Florida, Kansas, Minnesota, North Carolina, North Dakota, Oregon, Virginia and Washington. Oklahoma has passed and repealed such a law and an effort is being made to repass it. A similar law passed one house of the Louisiana legislature. Anyone who supposes that the anti-evolution fight is over is deceiving himself. It is just beginning.

GOVERNOR Smith of New York may or may not be a potential candidate for President; but in either case he has a habit of indulging in statesmanlike action both disconcerting and annoying to his opponents. New York has just reorganized its government on a business basis, creating several important new departments and increasing the scope of others. The Governor's first act in his new term has been to make twelve appointments to leading places. Of his nominees, five are Republican and two are independent. Only one choice may fairly be characterized as a plum for Tammany. These selections are in line with Governor Smith's often expressed resolution to give places to the men most competent to fill them; but they have a further significance in view of the battle coming in 1928. It is reliably reported that the McAdoo wing of the Democracy is becoming timid about pressing the fight against Smith on grounds of Catholicism or wetness. The plan, one hears, is to centre the attack on Tammany, alleging that Smith is the tiger's cub and, as such, unfit for the White House. If this gossip be true, the Governor has taken vigorous steps to answer the criticism in advance. Tammany, nursing its black eye, would still like to see Smith President, but it has no assurance in the recent appointments that it can wallow in patronage if he should be elected.

OPPOSITION to the proposed 48-hour law in New York state has consistently contended that it is unfair to women to place any legislative limits on their labor which do not apply to men, and has tried to maintain that women do not want the law. The best evidence yet furnished on this subject, however, is a recent report of the Consumer's League of New York, covering a random sample of 500 women workers scattered over the state and distributed among numerous industries. The questions were asked in such a way as to eliminate any influence, duress or argument in the process of securing answers. Support of the proposed law was revealed by 81 percent of the answers, opposition by 11 percent and qualified support by 8 percent. Of the fifty-five workers opposed, ten believed the standard too long because they were already working only forty-four hours, and did not realize that the law was designed to establish a maximum rather than a minimum. Most of the remainder were afraid of receiving lower pay for fewer hours. Essentially they were in the same group as qualified their support by a stipulation that the shorter hours would not mean smaller wages. It is of particular interest that in response to the question, "Would you rather work longer hours regularly if you could make a little more money by doing so?" 15 percent answered yes, 69 percent answered no and 16 percent gave qualified answers. This majority for short hours even at less pay occurred in a group where low wages are the rule. It is a brilliant idea for the women's spokesmen to find out with such scientific care what working women really want, though the result may not appeal to the more doctrinaire feminists.

A Way Out of Imperialism

THE damage done by Secretary Kellogg in our relations with Nicaragua and Mexico is not, as some would have us believe, entirely an affair of isolated bad judgment, or of personal bad manners. It so happened that the crisis, through the ineptitude of the Secretary of State, aroused an unwonted amount of opposition in this country and antagonism abroad. But it would be fatuous, if this matter should be temporarily patched up, to sink back into our customary inattention to inter-American affairs, soothed by a feeling that the United States government is utterly non-imperialistic and completely well intentioned, and that we have no serious problems to the south which cannot be handled by able diplomacy of the traditional kind. For the sort of thing Secretary Kellogg has been doing is the sort of thing that has been done repeatedly under other administrations. It is just a peculiarly irritating example of the drift toward North American imperialism in the Caribbean so well summarized by Professor Shepherd of Columbia University in this week's New Republic. Bad manners add insult to injury, but the injury would exist even without the insult, and it remains a permanent and menacing factor in our relations with our southern neighbors. We must first of all

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recognize that in fact if not in intention the United States has long acted the imperialistic rôle. We ought then to decide whether we like this rôle and its tendencies, and if we do not, how we may alter it.

The drift toward imperialism has numerous causes, whose intertwining it is impossible to distinguish without more knowledge of financial and diplomatic secrets than has been vouchsafed us. Sometimes a sympathy for oppressed peoples struggling for freedom, as in the case of Cuba, has seemed to be the immediate driving force. More often we have invoked the more selfish Monroe Doctrine, being either actually or in imagination threatened by the intrusion of European powers upon American soil. Recently this doctrine has come to be interpreted as a broad self-awarded mandate to act as general debt-collector and property-protector whenever—as is almost always the case—the debts and property are partially European as well as largely North American. The Monroe Doctrine, however, is gradually giving place to a frank policy of protecting investments originating in the United States, which are now, of course, coming to be far more important than investments from Europe. But dollar diplomacy is not the complete explanation of what has recently happened. We must not overlook the strategic considerations, undoubtedly urged with force by naval and military authorities, which abetted the building and protection of the Panama Canal, the acquisition of naval bases, the gradual broadening of our power and influence outward from our southern shores. It is credibly reported that in certain cases the government has urged reluctant financial interests to extend their tentacles into "backward regions," rather than the reverse. In short, the United States has taken the Caribbean islands, the Central American nations and sometimes South America within its "sphere of influence," just as Great Britain has taken India, Egypt and part of Africa, France and Spain have taken Morocco, and Italy has taken Algeria. We are convinced that public opinion in this country never designed such a policy and fails now to see what our behavior looks like when considered as a whole. Nevertheless the record is there.

It is possible, having been unwittingly led into this uncomfortable position, to accept it as inevitable and make the best of it. Persons who are prone to personify History as a god directing present behavior may come to assume the imperial obligations, however reluctantly, and devote their attention to making despotism as benevolent as possible. There will be others, revolted by the whole affair, who will spend their force in bitter but ineffective opposition; for general public opinion is seldom aroused and the continually active anti-imperialists are bound to be a small minority. Is there no other way out?

We believe there is, and that this occasion may be turned to an attempt to find it. A realistic policy must understand and harmonize the stubborn facts in an effort to control the drift. It would of course see only too clearly the waning prestige of imperialism in the modern world. It would reckon with the fact that an attempt to subordinate peoples to an alien will, however backward and powerless they may for the moment appear by the standards of the highly industrialized nations, is bound in the end to arouse determined and disastrous resistance, and sometimes leads to wars among the first-class powers themselves. It would appreciate the fact that South and Central America are even now too far advanced not to resent every act of aggression we may make, and that such resentment is ruinous to the building up of the commercial and other relations with this part of the world which may be immensely valuable to us.

At the same time it is impossible to stop the flow of capital from the United States to Latin America —capital of which we have a surplus and other countries have a need. It is impossible to avoid well-nigh irresistible pressure for the protection of capital interests abroad whenever governments default, as they sometimes do, or revolutionary or reform movements clip the wings of property, as they are sure to do increasingly as time goes on. And it is impossible to erase from the North American mind the vestiges of the Monroe Doctrine which forbid not only any annexation of territory on this continent by Europe, but any European policing as well.

There will be quarrels to settle, policing to be done, interests to appease. At present the United States tends to act alone in these matters simply because it is the largest, the most active and the most powerful nation concerned. But it is increasingly dangerous for the United States to do so as the southern nations grow in power and pride and as our material interests in them become more pronounced, so that we come to be set against the rest. Why should the United States act alone? International machinery may be set up, concerts of American powers may be arranged. There is an historical tradition for such a policy even older and more influential in the long run than the historical drift to imperialism.

As early as 1810 Rivadavia the great Argentinian and Rosas the Chilean suggested the idea of Pan-American coöperation. Bolivar, the liberator, played on this theme. The first attempt in the modern world to found a League of Nations was embodied in the Panama Assembly of 1826, to which most of the influential Latin-American countries sent delegates, and which Henry Clay as Secretary of State under John Quincy Adams did his best to encourage. This assembly drafted plans to settle all inter-American disputes by arbitration, to extend to each other's nationals the rights of citizens, to renounce the traffic in slaves, to guarantee the integrity of each American state, and to meet regularly at intervals of two years to promote amity. Its drafts were never ratified, but it planted

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a vital seed. Two more American Congresses were held, in Lima, Peru: one in 1847 and another in 1864. From the first of these both the United States and Mexico abstained because of the Mexican War; at the time of the second our Civil War engaged our attention. But in the meantime many arbitration treaties were signed, including the celebrated Pacto Tripartito, which came to be a general continental treaty of mutual defense. Four Pan-American Congresses have been held under the leadership of the United States—in Washington in 1889, in Mexico in 1901, in Rio de Janeiro in 1906, in Buenos Aires in 1910. All of these discussed and furthered arbitration, especially treaties which would refer to the Hague Tribunal controversies arising from pecuniary claims of citizens of one country against the government of another. Many minor treaties resulted from these assemblies and a permanent secretariat of a sort—the Pan-American Union—was founded.

Inter-American mediation is also a tradition. Mexico and the United States by joint intervention in 1907 settled a conflict among the five Central American Republics. The United States, Argentina and Brazil mediated successfully between Peru and Ecuador in 1910. Argentina, Brazil and Chile intervened between the United States and Mexico in 1914, and our acceptance of this mediation aroused enormous sympathetic approval throughout all of Latin America.

Two great Americans have in the course of these events made statements which ought to be remembered and reinforced. Elihu Root said in Rio de Janeiro in 1906:

> We wish for no victories but those of peace; for no territory except our own; for no sovereignty except the sovereignty over ourselves. We deem the independence and the equal rights of the smallest and weakest member of the family of nations entitled to as much respect as those of the greatest empire, and deem observance of that respect the chief guarantee of the weak against the oppression of the strong. We neither claim nor desire any rights, or privileges, or powers that we do not concede to every American Republic.

In his address to Congress in 1915, President Wilson said:

> Every thoughtful man of affairs must welcome the altered circumstances of the new day in whose light we now stand, when there is no claim of guardianship nor thought of wards but, instead, a free and honorable association of partners between ourselves and our neighbors, in the interest of America, north and south.

In addressing the Mexican editors Mr. Wilson said:

> Let us agree that if any one of us, the United States included, violates the political independence and territorial integrity of any of the others, all the others will jump on her.

We should make our acts square with our rhetoric, if we really wish to impress Latin America. If these quotations had been tacked over Secretary Kellogg's desk, he might not have had the face to do what he has done. The policy of working toward an American League of Nations is not only a tenable one, but it is the true American policy, and it seems to be the only alternative to an aggressive policy which may eventually drive the ferment of Pan-Americanism into an exclusive Latin-Americanism, an offensive and defensive alliance against the United States. There is already, indeed, a cultural and political agitation against us not to be ignored. It is this agitation which the Communist International wishes to capitalize for its own purposes, and which our bullying tends to solidify. If the small and puny group of Bolshevists on this continent could have appointed our Secretary of State, they could not have chosen one better suited to their designs than Secretary Kellogg.

The time may be yet unripe for a full-fledged American League of Nations, with a covenant, a machinery of mediation and arbitration, a court and all the rest of it. But it is possible to lay the foundations for such an organization by placing so far as possible the basis of mutual consent, international law and peaceable adjustment beneath any action that may be taken. In Latin-American affairs we should never act alone or by mere force of arms. We should encourage legal adjudication of all disputes which are subject to international law, mediation and arbitration of others, and concerted policing where policing is inevitable. This is the only secure basis both for economic stability and military security. There is now an opportunity to recommend this cause to the present administration, and to note it for use in future platforms and elections. One requirement of every candidate for President should be the clear enunciation of an intelligent Latin-American policy.

Two Years of Mr. Kellogg

IN a few weeks, Mr. Secretary, you will have held your present post for two years. When you took it the country was given to understand that yours was a temporary appointment, a polite device to put an ornamental capstone on your career. That statement was evidently in error. You have denied the frequent rumors of your resignation, with such vigor that it is fair to assume you intend to remain with us. That being the case, this seems a good moment to survey your accomplishments up to date, both good and bad.

You began, Mr. Secretary, somewhat inauspiciously by continuing one of the silliest and stupidest rulings of your predecessor. When the Hungarian liberal, Count Michael Károlyi, asked permission to reënter this country a few weeks before you took office, Mr. Hughes consented only after exacting a

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promise that he would not discuss politics while here. This ridiculous demand you were asked to abrogate. You refused.

Next came the affair of Shapurji Saklatvala, Communist member of the British House of Commons. Saklatvala was a delegate to the meeting of the Interparliamentary Union at Washington. You declined to admit him to this country, on the theory that during his brief visit here he might spread Bolshevist propaganda.

Then followed the case of Countess Károlyi, whom you would not permit to enter the United States under any circumstances, on the ground that she was a dangerous radical. Nearly the whole world knows that the Károlyis are not Bolshevists, the chief exceptions being Count Szechényi and his wife (born a Vanderbilt) and yourself.

Then came the incident of Mme. Kollontay, the ambassador from Soviet Russia to Mexico. It would have been a great convenience for her to be permitted to travel across the United States on her way to her post. But you refused to permit this. No Bolshevist must touch the sacred soil of America, even though bonded for transit. (Unless, of course, the Bolshevist is here to buy goods: of Soviet representatives on this errand you permit scores to land, without objection.)

Turning now to more formal questions of international policy, what do we find? One of the chief problems of your régime has been the Tacna-Arica affair. This you inherited from your predecessor, it is true. But it is also true that the utter smash-up of negotiations has come since you have been in office, and has resulted from the failure of the United States to insure fair treatment to the Peruvians in connection with the proposed plebiscite.

When we look at China, the past two years have seen what even you must now admit to be a deplorable failure on the part of the United States to take advantage of an extraordinary opportunity to win the friendship of the Chinese people with no important sacrifice of economic or other interests. Instead, we have chosen to play the game with the European powers and Japan, with the result that China today is on the verge of an eruption which will drive the foreigners into the sea. Our two chief representatives in Chinese affairs, Minister John V. A. McMurray, and Chairman Silas H. Strawn of the Extra-territoriality Commission, have both been conspicuously hostile to the aspirations of the Chinese for independence. America has not only failed to take the lead in creating a new policy of conciliation, but when such a policy was proposed last May by Great Britain, a power with interests in China vastly larger than our own, we failed to respond. We have not even as yet answered the repetition of this appeal on Christmas Day, 1926, although it is now plain that the only question for the foreigners in China is, Shall we give up part of what we have, or shall we try to keep all and inevitably lose all?

In regard to European affairs, it is of course not your fault, Mr. Secretary, that during your incumbency the flames of hatred against the United States have flared up, in every country, to unprecedented heights. It is worth while to note, however, that so far as the public record shows, not a single act on your part has sought to allay this hatred. Such of your correspondence as has been given out has been wholly lacking in any spirit of conciliation and has been on the contrary legalistic and dogmatic in tone.

When we turn to the sphere of Pan-American affairs, the record is striking. During your two years in office the prestige of the United States among the other countries of the western hemisphere has steadily declined until it is now at a disastrously low level. All the efforts of your predecessors for decades toward good will and harmony have been destroyed in a few months, by actions for which you must assume the chief responsibility. These actions seem to be manifestations of a policy of ruthless imperialism. They so appear, not only to the inhabitants of Latin America and Europe, but to large numbers of responsible and reasonable citizens here at home.

You have forced upon Panama a treaty which makes her the tail to the American kite, forced to go to war when we do, in violation of her engagements as a member of the League of Nations. In Nicaragua you have chosen to recognize one of two contestants for control of the country and have announced that his is the legal government, though the historic facts strongly suggest that the opposite is true, though the contestant you have chosen to favor is one who for fifteen years has been notorious as the tool of American financial interests, and despite the fact that the internal politics of Nicaragua are no business of the American government. In furtherance of the cause to which you have committed us, you have used the United States Navy to establish "neutral zones," one of which includes the opposition capital and all of which are in fact strongly advantageous to the party which you have undertaken to maintain in power against the wishes of at least two-thirds of the Nicaraguan electorate. You have advanced four separate reasons for this course of action, which are mutually contradictory and are in no case convincing or even plausible.

Most serious among these charges is that dealing with Mexico's alleged activities in "fomenting Bolshevism" in Nicaragua, and in Central America generally. This accusation is the gravest aspect of the whole present critical situation into which you have managed to get your country. It was the basis of the partially successful attempt in November by Assistant Secretary of State Olds, your former law partner, to put out through the press associations an assault upon the integrity of the Mexican government, for which the State Department refused to take the responsibility. Finally, last week you produced your "evidence," when compelled to by public pressure, in one of the most amazing

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diplomatic documents of our history. It turned out to be a hodge-podge of quotations, nearly all of them from Communist sources in Moscow. They are precisely like thousands of similar grandiose but meaningless outgivings from Moscow in recent years, in regard to revolutionary activities in every quarter of the globe. You did not offer one shred of evidence in support of your allegation that the Mexican government is engaged in "fomenting Bolshevism." True, you quoted Chicherin as saying that Mexico would prove "a political base" for the "development of our relations in the New World." But you failed to mention the fact that President Calles had issued a statement in reply to Chicherin repudiating the idea that Mexico would aid Bolshevism in any way. Even Ambassador Sheffield, who is notoriously anti-Mexican, made a public statement that Calles's declaration would serve to cement relations between Mexico and the United States. Yet you have published only Chicherin's words, and have left the American public to assume that the Mexican government agreed with them. We invite you to characterize this proceeding with the proper epithet.

Your whole policy toward Mexico in the past two years has been one which, judged solely by its effectiveness from your own point of view, can only be described as an utter failure. You have taken a reasonably simple legal question as to the rights of American investors and have puffed it up into an international crisis involving not only the threat of war but what is morally even less defensible, the threat of American aid to revolutionists seeking to overthrow one of the only two good governments Mexico has had in a generation. You have done this despite offers to arbitrate the issue, despite the fact that Mexico is morally and legally entitled to write her own laws, despite the fact that the "impairment" of American property at worst is more technical than real, and indeed has as yet amounted to nothing at all. Your notes to Mexico have ranged from the dully legalistic to the insulting. You have shown no understanding of the Latin temperament, no sympathy for the difficulties of a country just emerging from a decade of revolution, no genuine concern for the maintenance of cordial relations with a neighboring republic, no interest in the fact that you have been destroying our prestige throughout Latin America. Your actions have in effect—we take it for granted, unconsciously—been those of a special pleader for the American oil interests, for the most implacably anti-Mexican element in the Catholic Church. The position in which you find yourself today is sufficient evidence of the failure of your policy.

So much for the adverse side of the ledger. What is there to set against this list? Diligent search of the records reveals three items in your favor.

You have repeatedly expressed a pious aspiration that Europe should join with the United States in a further limitation of armament.

You have labored effectively to bring about better housing conditions for American diplomats abroad.

You have been prompt to send messages of condolence or congratulation to various important people as appropriate occasions have arisen.

This list is undoubtedly too short to be just. There must be other items which should be added to it. We regret that we have been unable to find them, and we invite your friends to supply what we feel sure must be grave deficiencies. But in the meantime, Mr. Secretary, and assuming that this list ought to be twice or three times as long as it is, we submit to you this question (it is, of course, hypothetical, in view of Mr. Coolidge's temperamental inability to take any action whatever until forced to):

If you were a business man, and a new employe made a record like yours during his first two years with the firm, what would you do with him?

Shall We Have A Power Scandal?

IN Washington there is now brewing a Boulder Canyon scandal which may, if luck is against the people, turn out to be another Teapot Dome. We hasten to add that the New Republic has no evidence of bribes or conspiracies involving high government officials. But there is evidence that powerful interests are exerting pressure which may result in turning over to private profit without adequate compensation, not millions of dollars' worth of government oil, but millions of dollars' worth of government water power. And if equal damage is done to the public interest, it makes little difference whether the means utilized by the corrupters are direct bribery or something more subtle.

The proposal to dam the Colorado River at Boulder Canyon is by this time an old story. It arose from the urgent necessity of protecting the 450,000 acres of irrigated farms in the Imperial Valley from the danger of flood which might result from a shift in the channel of the great river—a danger already narrowly averted several times by temporary expedients. This need is buttressed by the desirability of protecting the Imperial Valley from drought if the river does not shift, since the water upon which it depends is being more and more drawn off by irrigated projects in Mexico, which are being rapidly developed with American capital. A dam and other works built to obviate these two dangers would also be capable of irrigating additional regions, of furnishing domestic water supply in Southern California, and of producing about 1,000,000 horsepower for hydro-

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electric generation. Reclamation and engineering experts are unanimous about the feasibility of the project and the need of pushing construction. All the states concerned have agreed to the plan except Arizona, and Arizona's rights are so protected that she is expected to acquiesce, once the work is done.

A bill was before Congress last year to provide for the development, and a similar bill is before this session. The estimated cost of the investment is $125,000,000. The government, according to the bill, is to recoup its investment principally from the sale of the electric power. It is estimated that the annual revenue from power will be $10,800,000 and the revenue from water for irrigation and domestic purposes will be $1,500,000. Subtracting operating and interest charges, this would leave an annual surplus of $6,100,000, or enough to retire the capital cost in twenty-five years. The bill authorizes the government either to lease the power rights, or to build the generating plants itself and sell the power at the switchboard to distributing companies, municipalities and others.

The private power interests could not let such an opportunity pass without exerting themselves. Their effort has for the most part been roundabout and under cover, but its effect will probably be apparent in Congressional opposition to the bill in its present form. At any rate a minority report by Representative Leatherwood of the House Committee on Irrigation and Reclamation sounds like the opening gun of a general engagement. The minority is not really trying to prevent the building of the dam—far from it. But it wants to amend the bill so that the government will be compelled to lease the power rights, and will have no authority to generate and sell electricity on its own account.

The major part of Mr. Leatherwood's argument is devoted to the high purpose of preventing "a departure from the sound, well established and traditional policy of the United States government in respect to the entrance of the government into business," stating that the plan "is in fact primarily a gigantic government power project masquerading in the more appealing clothing of flood control and needed water for irrigation and domestic uses." One would think from Mr. Leatherwood's language that some of Secretary Kellogg's ubiquitous Bolshevists had obtained control of the present administration. Robbed of its red fire, however, the proposal of the minority appears quite simple in its probable effect. If the government has the right to build the power plants and sell the current to anyone, it is in an excellent bargaining position, either as to the rate it may charge for electricity, or as to the rental it may get from the utilities if it decides to let them build the plants. But if the government is by law compelled to let the utilities rent the power rights and build the plants, its bargaining advantage is destroyed. For as everyone knows, the great utility combinations do not engage in active competition with each other. The consequence would undoubtedly be that the government would in that event lose the larger part of the revenue upon which it would have to depend for retirement of the capital cost of the works which are to make the power development possible. And what is the government's loss is the utilities' gain.

We should also not overlook the fact that were the government to sell electricity at the switchboard, there would be an opportunity for competition, beneficial to the consumer, between publicly owned distributing systems and privately owned utilities, whereas if the government could not exercise this right, the consumer would gain no more protection than would be afforded him in the usual course of regulation—a protection which we are beginning to see is slight indeed.

There should be no misunderstanding, however, about the immediate stake in the controversy. The New Republic advocates public ownership and operation of large hydro-electric developments such as Boulder Canyon, Muscle Shoals and the Niagara and the St. Lawrence, as an experiment to discover whether public enterprise of this kind can be conducted at smaller cost to the consumer than private generating stations, and as a check on the numerous threatening activities of the power combinations. That is a matter of policy about which there can be honest difference of opinion. But the bill does not stipulate public operation. The present controversy is not as to whether such an experiment shall be made. It is, in essence, a controversy as to whether the government may have a fair chance to recover the huge sums which it will have to put into the project, or whether these sums shall go to fatten utility profits. We do not see how even the most dogmatic advocate of private enterprise could for the sake of his principle honestly favor such a scandalous robbery of the taxpayers as would result from Mr. Leatherwood's amendments. That is undoubtedly the reason why the Department of the Interior, with the sanction of the President, in spite of the general tendency of this administration, continues to support the bill in its original form. No responsible administrative official could well do otherwise, and Congressmen should think twice before they allow the utility profiteers to push them into an indefensible opposition.

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Uncle Sam, Imperialist

A Survey of Our Encroachments in the Caribbean, 1898-1927

A GLANCE at the table on page 268, showing American activities in the Caribbean region, provides some interesting facts. In about thirty years we have created two new republics—Cuba and Panama; converted both of them and three other Latin-American countries—the Dominican Republic, Nicaragua and Haiti—into virtual protectorates; intervened by force at least thirty times in the internal affairs of nine supposedly sovereign and independent nations; made the period of intervention last anywhere from a few days to a dozen years; enlarged our investments from a paltry two or three hundred millions of dollars to the tidy sum of upwards of three billions, and installed in four states our own collectors of customs to insure payment. Incidentally, we have annexed Porto Rico and the Virgin Islands, built a canal, secured an option to construct another and gathered in several naval stations.

The causes for our entry into so close a relationship with the five little republics may easily be recalled. In 1898 the United States declared war on Spain for the liberation of Cuba from what we regarded as Spanish misrule. The immediate motive, beyond doubt, was one of good will toward a people suffering from oppression in an island that lay very near our own shores.

Meanwhile Americans had long been cherishing the idea of constructing a canal somewhere in the nether portion of the North American Continent. Whether it should be run through the Colombian province of Panama or through the Republic of Nicaragua was the question until 1903, when a timely revolution in the province solved the difficulty in favor of the Panama route. Thereafter it became a foregone conclusion that the second new nation which we have godfathered within five years would grant to the United States all the rights and privileges which the building and control of a canal might warrant.

Hardly had the construction of the new waterway begun, when the financial distress of another small state, the Dominican Republic, awoke fears on the part of the American government lest the situation prompt European creditors to take measures for a collection of their debts, likely to impinge upon some one of our numerous interpretations of the Monroe Doctrine. Hence, in order to forestall that possibility, in 1905 the United States assumed financial guardianship itself.

From the Dominican Republic the next step was directed, in 1912, to Nicaragua. Here two motives came into operation. One was the determination of the United States not to allow an option to be acquired by some foreign power for the construction of a canal that would not only compete with the Panama waterway, but would also be a potential menace to our control of the latter. The other motive was, to quiet political disturbances that threatened injury to Americans and foreigners and their respective property. The fact that the gentleman who in 1927 claims to be president of Nicaragua happens to be the same aspirant whom we installed in office fifteen years ago lends enchantment to the present tangle there.

In 1915 the Colossus of the North again stepped back on to the island for the eastern end of which he had already assumed the financial management. At the western end lay a Negro republic called Haiti, squirming under a series of despotic presidencies tempered by frequent assassination. Here an unusually horrible slaughter of political prisoners and the violation of a foreign legation compelled the United States to intervene, for fear the European nation concerned might do something detrimental, again, to the Monroe Doctrine. Although the protection of foreign and American lives and property was involved, the basic motive for the landing of Marines in Haiti, as in the case of Cuba, was humanitarian.

Whatever the direct motives for these several courses of action, through them all has run the advancement of our own economic, as well as political, welfare. This country of ours has become powerful in proportion as its southern neighbors have remained weak. We have known how to utilize our resources; they have not. Because they have not and we want what lies in their soil and under it, our captains of industry, aided by the government of the United States, have put themselves increasingly into the position of showing them how the things nature has provided should be turned to account.

In our virtual protectorates we have followed two quite distinct procedures: one toward Cuba, Panama and Nicaragua; the other toward the Dominican Republic and Haiti. Both of them have the same aims: to encourage American economic enterprise and to promote the material benefit of the peoples concerned. Neither course of action has been motivated so much by a determination to exact reparation for injury committed, as by a desire to prevent such injury. Lest Americans and their property, as well as foreigners and theirs, should suffer damage and the Monroe Doctrine be exposed to infringement, the plan has been to avert the possibility of either. Commonly, the intervention has been asked by interested parties, native, American

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or European, with or without sufficient reason. Whether the inhabitants of the countries affected relish it or not, is something not taken into account.

So far as Cuba, Panama and Nicaragua are concerned, the United States has aided the local authorities to maintain order and adopt other salutary measures for the general objects in view. Since 1909 Cuba has remained under its own rulers. The same has always been true of Panama and Nicaragua, even if the personnel of the functionaries has sometimes been determined by the United States.

Toward the Dominican Republic and Haiti, on the other hand, the action taken has been quite ruthless. Because of political commotions and a disposition to incur indebtedness beyond what the American guardian thought proper, in 1916 the Dominican government was practically abolished. In its place an American military régime was set up, which stayed on until 1924. Haiti, a year earlier, had undergone a similar fate, except that the native administration still continues under the military supervision of an American officer, now styled a "High Commissioner."

From the standpoint of the rights presumed to attach to states which are reputed to be "sovereign and independent," certainly the plight of the Dominican Republic and Haiti is much less enviable than that of their three fellows. To be sure, the American military rulers have built roads and railways, improved ports, bettered sanitary conditions and enlarged educational facilities, but their action has been accompanied at times by harshness and cruelty to individual natives, especially in the Negro republic. Both of the little states, also, have been compelled to assent to treaties providing for huge loans.

These advances from American financiers will contribute, no doubt, to the material welfare of the countries concerned; so they will to our own. Doubtless, too, the opposition to American influence there and in all of the republics under our tutelage where similar loans have been the order of the day, is political, rather than the result of actual wrongs inflicted. But is political opposition on the part of reluctant wards toward their self-appointed mentor nothing of any moment?

A much more intriguing question now presents itself. Is there a possible ratio between the extent of American governmental control and the manner of its exercise, on the one side, and the increase in American investments, on the other? Has there been any apparent connection between the growth of American financial interests and a tendency of our Department of State to practice, through diplomatic pressure, with Marines posted in the background, political interference in the internal affairs of the republics? Let us cite the case of Cuba.

In the joint resolution of April, 1898, which brought on the war with Spain, Congress declared that the United States disclaimed any intention to exercise control over Cuba except for its pacification, and would leave the government and control of the island to its own people. Events, however, soon indicated that the government was indeed to be left, but not the control. Three years later, the so-called "Platt Amendment," which the Cubans were obliged to incorporate into their constitution, provided among other things that the United States was to possess the right to intervene in the republic for the preservation of its independence and the maintenance of a government capable of protecting life, property and individual liberty, and that Cuba should contract no excessive indebtedness. The former of these stipulations the United States has enforced on several occasions. The application of the latter appears to stand in quite a different category, although in essence the ultimate means employed have been the same.

In 1904 the first loan contract made with Cuba by an American banking house provided for no financial administration by Americans, and contained no allusions to the government of the United States as a party to the agreement. From that time onward, moreover, such contracts regularly have stipulated that the amount loaned constitutes a lien upon the customs revenue, or even on all sources of public income, of the country concerned, as security for the interest on, and amortization of, the bonds as issued. These in turn, as to both principal and interest, are exempt from domestic taxation.

Beginning in 1905, sometimes by "executive agreement" between the President of the United States and the appropriate authorities in a given republic when the Senate would not assent, sometimes by formal treaty, no fewer than five methods have been devised for insuring payment. As the table shows, in Cuba the customs revenues are administered by Cuban officials; in the Dominican Republic, by an American General Receiver, named by the President of the United States; in Nicaragua, by an American Collector, acting under the orders of a High Commission, one of whose three members is chosen by our Department of State and one by American bondholders. In Haiti, the entire revenue system of the country is in the hands of an American General Receiver and an American Financial Advisor, appointed by the president of the republic on the nomination of the President of the United States, who also appoints the High Commissioner over all. The case of El Salvador, not one of the virtual protectorates, and yet illustrative of the fifth method, is even more significant. For the service of a loan, contracted in 1922, the collection of 70 percent, and, if necessary, all, of its customs revenues is attended to by an American official chosen by an American corporation with the approval of our Department of State. Nor are extensive loans likely to be made anywhere in Latin America without seeking in advance the approval of that branch of our national administration.

Considering the financial relationship of Cuba to the United States, reference to the appropriate column in the table reveals that between 1899 and 1916 the estimated amount of American invest-

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American Activities in the Caribbean, 1898-1927.

Country	Political Relation to United States	Military Intervention	American Investments, estimated in millions of dollars*	Forms of American control to insure payment
Cuba. Size of Pennsylvania. Population: 3,400,000	Virtual Protectorate, 1901—	1898-1902, 1906-1909, 1912, 1917	1899 Total, 50 1909 " 141 1916 " 400 1920 " 525 1925 government loans, 110 Other holdings, 1,250 Total, 1,360	
Panama. Size of South Carolina and Delaware. Population: 440,000	Virtual Protectorate, 1903—	1908, 1912, 1917, 1918, 1921	1925 government loans, 6 Other holdings, 16 Total, 22	
Dominican Republic. Size of Vermont, New Hampshire and Rhode Island. Population: 890,000	Virtual Protectorate, 1905—	1903, 1904, 1913, 1914, 1916-1924	1925 government loans, 15	General Receiver of Customs, appointed by the President of the U. S.
Nicaragua. Larger than North Carolina. Population: 630,000	Virtual Protectorate, 1912—	1899, 1907, 1910, 1912-1925, 1926, 1927—	1925 government loans, 3 Other holdings, 13 Total, 16	High Commission of three persons, representing the Department of State, American bondholders and Nicaragua, with American Collector of Customs, appointed by the President of the U. S.
Haiti. Size of Vermont and Rhode Island. Population: 2,040,000	Virtual Protectorate, 1915—	1915—	1925 government loans, 17 Other holdings, 6 Total, 23	Under American Military High Commissioner, American General Receiver of Customs and American Financial Adviser, appointed by the President of Haiti on the nomination of the President of the U. S.
El Salvador. Smaller than New Jersey. Population: 1,600,000	Independent		1925 government loans, 6 Other holdings, 11 Total, 17	American Collector of Customs, appointed by an American corporation, with approval of Department of State.
Mexico. Size of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Michigan, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Vermont and Connecticut. Population: 14,200,000	Independent	1914, 1916	1899 Total, 185 1912 " 700 1925 government loans, 60 Other holdings, 1,258 Total, 1,318	
Guatemala. Little larger than New York. Population: 2,100,000	Independent		1925 Total, 50	
Honduras. Little smaller than New York. Population: 770,000	Independent	1907, 1910, 1911, 1919, 1924, 1925	1920 Total, 18 1925 " 40	
Costa Rica. Size of Vermont, New Hampshire and Connecticut. Population: 500,000	Independent	1919	1925 government loans, 2 Total, 20-30	
Colombia. Size of Original Thirteen States, plus Florida. Population: 6,600,000	Independent	1903	1912 Total, 2 1920 " 30 1925 government loans, 17 Other holdings, 70 Total, 87	
Venezuela. Size of Texas, Kentucky and Tennessee. Population: 3,000,000	Independent		1912 Total, 3 1920 " 40 1925 " 75	

*Figures taken chiefly from Robert W. Dunn, *American Foreign Investments* (New York, 1926) and sources there cited.

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ments in the island increased from $50,000,000 to $400,000,000; whereas between 1916 and 1925 it rose to $1,360,000,000. But it was precisely during these nine years that the influence of our government over Cuban political and financial affairs became altogether marked. After 1918, and acting in compliance with a series of memoranda from an army officer of high rank, sent as personal representative of the President of the United States and later appointed American ambassador to the republic, the Cuban congress passed a large number of enactments aimed at improving political and economic conditions. They included: new electoral laws; suspension of certain provisions of the civil service law, so as to permit the president of Cuba to shift the personnel of administrative departments: facilitation of the removal of judges; revision of the tariff; changes in the budget; reorganization of the system of accounting; the clearing up of indebtedness, and the floating of an American loan of $50,000,000, placed as a lien upon the entire national revenue and under the virtual guarantee of the government of the United States. All of this might argue that the jurisdiction of the United States over the financial concerns of Cuba has made some progress since 1901, when the republic was obligated only to contract no excessive indebtedness!

In handling the affairs of our neighbors in and around the Caribbean, with or without their coöperation, four general policies have been brought into play. They may be designated by as many words: *regulation, annexation, neutralization* and *abstention*. Certain islands have been annexed; a Central American country (Honduras) has been neutralized and, where the political and economic interests of the United States have seemed to permit it, abstention from interference in internal situations or international relations among the several republics has been practiced. But the general policy most in vogue has been that of regulation, whereby whatever those neighbors do is subject in greater or less degree to American control. For its exercise, four methods of action have been followed: (1) recognition of a particular government; (2) the severance of diplomatic relations—which means the same thing as the newly coined and misleading expression, "withdrawal of recognition"; (3) the levying or the lifting of an embargo on the shipment of arms and munitions, and (4) military intervention.

Phases of this policy of regulation are visible just now in our dealings with little Nicaragua and Panama and with bigger Mexico. The legitimate successor to an erstwhile president in Nicaragua, not recognized by the United States, is forcibly prevented from taking his official seat, because our government regards another person as better suited to our interests, political and economic. The allegation that the installation of the personage who is not our candidate might imperil the canal which we have not begun to construct is—amusing. The supposition that, in collaboration with Mexico, he and his band of partisans might conjure up the "spectre of a Mexican-fostered Bolshevist hegemony intervening between the United States and the Panama Canal" is—terrifying, indeed, to the richest and most powerful nation on earth! If the United States recognizes one "president" in Nicaragua, Mexico mustn't recognize another; if, for the benefit of its protégé, the United States lifts an embargo on the shipment of arms and munitions, Mexico has no business to allow Mexican armaments and soldiers of fortune to be used for the advantage of its own alleged disciple. As to Panama, that small state has been induced to enter into a treaty of alliance with this country, whereby it stands pledged to coöperate in the military defense of the Canal, despite its solemn obligations as a member of the League of Nations.

The nigger in the Nicaraguan wood-pile is evidently the issue—on quite different grounds—between the United States and its neighbor immediately to the south of the Rio Grande. In order to enforce our will, we appear to menace Mexico with the threat of severing diplomatic relations and lifting the embargo on arms and munitions, which would result, probably, in putting the country anew into the throes of civil war. Yet the problem need not be solved in this fashion. With all due respect for "national honor and vital interests," the matters in dispute might be adjusted by a resort to the Permanent Court of International Arbitration at The Hague, of which the United States is a sponsor.

Our country may not "covet an inch of our neighbors' territory"; yet somehow it seems to have been exemplifying on this side of the Atlantic what John Galsworthy described as a characteristic of the motherland on the other—"the possessive instinct of the nation on the move." Of the measures we have taken in the Caribbean, the eventual outcome is painfully clear. If we go on as we have begun, the American empire must ultimately bestride the entire area. Politically, the republics within it may remain "sovereign and independent"—in the language of diplomacy. Economically, they would become a happy hunting ground for American capitalists, upheld and protected by their government. The Monroe Doctrine then will deserve the definition given in the Covenant of the League of Nations: a "regional understanding" about a sphere of influence for a great power.

Of this broadening out of the United States over its huge preserve, bounded by the wall of the Monroe Doctrine, the nations of Europe doubtless would disapprove. Even though we are only emulating their own example elsewhere in the world, they are likely to object to such behavior on our part, just as the Latin-American republics still outside the sphere will cherish resentment. Both will vent their feelings in hard words, if nothing worse. But what does that matter? Business is business. And southward the course of empire takes its way.

WILLIAM R. SHEPHERD.

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Is Income More Equally Distributed?

THERE is, in the jazzology of prosperity, a saxophonic insistence that a "more equal" distribution of income is developing. This is more than a mere claim that the wage-earners are prosperous—that they are receiving higher real wages, acquiring large capital resources in the shape of corporate investments, savings deposits and insurance, and becoming a financial power by means of labor banks. The definite claim is that the wage-earners' share of the national income is relatively larger and growing still larger, while the share of the non-wage-earners (particularly the larger incomes) is declining correspondingly.

The insistence, moreover, is upon a developing "equalization" of income as a fundamental and permanent factor. Upon this assumption the imaginative sociologist forecasts a new social order of "equality"—equality of prosperity and of income.

This conception is a complex of imagination and the will to believe. What are the facts?

The share of the national income of the upper layers of non-wage-earners (incomes of $5,000 up) declined steadily from 1917 on, reaching the lowest level in 1921. This was seized upon as proof of the development of a "more equal" distribution of income. But that was not the significance of the decline, since it was a product primarily of war taxation, the depreciation of money and the 1921 depression.

While corporate earnings during the War were fabulous, only a comparatively small share appeared as dividends. Federal taxes absorbed 2 percent of corporate net profits in 1916 and an average of about 25 percent during 1917-1920. In these four years the federal government took $9,191,784,000 from the corporations. (Statistics of Income, 1923, p. 29.) Another share was used to pay off corporate debts in depreciated money, while a still larger share was reinvested in the enlargement of plant and equipment. The invested capital of the major corporations was increased from 40 percent to over 100 percent, almost exclusively out of war profits. This augmented corporate investment values, but decreased dividends, because these, while nominally slightly larger than in 1916, were considerably smaller in terms of real money and as percentages of the national income.

The consequent decline in the larger incomes was emphasized by the relative decrease in fixed-interest payments, owing to the depreciation of money. All in all, the amount of rent, interest and dividends during 1917-1920 was appreciably lower (in real money and as percentages of the national income) than the average for the preceding five years. The business depression of 1921 gave the final downward push to the decline in the larger incomes.

Reservations are necessary, however, in considering this decline in the larger incomes. The "burden of excessive taxation" produced systematic tax evasion, the concealing and underestimating of income. Illegal evasion was supplemented by legal evasion—by large stockholders compelling corporations to restrict dividends to avoid surtaxes, and by investment in tax-exempt securities, the income from which by 1921 was very large. Moreover, while the unusually large proportion of reinvested corporate profits meant a decline of individual incomes, that was simply reserving the profits for future distribution, as in the payment of stupendous stock dividends of $4,239,000,000 in 1922 and 1923, the larger portion appropriated by incomes of $5,000 up. Accordingly, the decline in the income of the upper layers of non-wage-earners was much less than appears statistically. Still there was a substantial decline. The imaginative sociologist interpreted the decline in terms of the "more equal" distribution of income, of permanence and revolution. But it was clearly the product of temporary conditions, and the decline definitely reversed itself in 1922.

This movement of decline and recovery was approximately as follows:

SHARE OF THE NATIONAL INCOME OF INCOMES OF $5,000 UP

Year	Total National Income	Net Income of Incomes of $5,000 Up	Percent of National Income
1916	$39,200,000,000	$5,673,000,000	14.5
1917	48,500,000,000	7,010,000,000	14.4
1918	56,000,000,000	6,530,000,000	11.6
1919	67,250,000,000	8,709,000,000	12.9
1920	74,150,000,000	8,461,000,000	11.4
1921	62,700,000,000	6,361,000,000	10.1
1922	56,500,000,000	7,804,000,000	13.8
1923	57,700,000,000	8,373,000,000	14.5
1924	56,250,000,000	9,639,000,000	17.7

Estimates of national income for 1916-1921 are by the National Bureau of Economic Research, 1922 by the National Industrial Conference Board, 1923 by Benjamin M. Anderson, Jr., and 1924 by John Moody. For 1924 Doctor Anderson's estimate is lower than Mr. Moody's—$53,600,000,000. Net income is compiled from Statistics of Income, 1916-1924, issued by the Bureau of Internal Revenue.

In this table income and percentages of national income are both underestimates, since the government's Statistics of Income are based upon underestimated returns. The percentages, nevertheless, clearly reveal the movement of decline and recovery in the larger incomes. They indisputably establish the temporary nature of the decline and the renewal of concentration, shattering all the dreams of the imaginative sociologist of a developing "more equal" distribution of income. The apparently catastrophic decline swiftly reversed itself as its temporary causes disappeared. "Excessive" taxation ceased, the price level and labor earnings were relatively stabilized (downward), while the farmers' share of the national income declined not only below the

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1917-1919 average, but also below the pre-war average.

Whom did the decline in the larger incomes favor? During 1917-1919, the decline was absorbed almost exclusively by non-wage-earner incomes below $5,000 and by the farmers. In these three years the farmers received an average share of 16.5 percent of the national income, 3.8 points above their 1916 share. The "employes' share" was approximately constant, being 54 percent in 1919, rising to 59 percent in 1920 and 58 percent in 1921. (M. Leven, Income in the Various States, p. 49.) But this increase was fortuitous, being the product of unusually active employment and a decline in the farmers' income in 1920, and of the business depression and a further decline in the farmers' income in 1921.

Apparently the share of the national income of incomes of $5,000 up was larger in 1924 than in 1916. But the depreciation of money, by inflating nominal money incomes, raised the level of all incomes, so that income levels are not wholly comparable as between 1916 and 1924. In 1924, however, incomes of $5,000 up constituted about 1.6 percent of the gainfully occupied; comparing this percentage with similar pre-war percentages, then the share of the larger incomes in 1924 was probably slightly under 1916 (a year of exceptional profits and income concentration), but equal to and probably higher than the average for the preceding ten years.

While the concentration of income, as expressed in the share of the national income received by incomes of $5,000 up, is again as large as pre-war, the concentration is not yet as great in the upper levels (incomes of $20,000 up).

The average income of the $5,000-$20,000 group in 1924 was not only larger than in 1921, but also larger than in 1916—$7,870 in 1916, $8,410 in 1921 and $8,680 in 1924. Moreover, the recipients increased from 218,480 in 1916 and 467,491 in 1921 to 595,105 in 1924. A large part of the increase up to 1921 was due to incomes almost automatically rising from lower to higher levels owing to depreciated money inflating nominal money incomes; but the increase since 1921 is all the more real considering it was achieved in the midst of and after deflation. This group scored both absolute and relative gains, as it made a greater increase in proportion than either gainfully occupied income or national income.

But while incomes of $20,000 up increased from 61,407 in 1916 to 95,297 in 1924, the increase was about offset by the inflation of nominal money incomes. There was a decline in the average income, which was $64,400 in 1916, $41,800 in 1921 and $46,000 in 1924. Including tax-exempt income, the average in 1924 was about $50,000, a substantial recovery over 1921, but below 1916. This group's share of the national income was 10.1 percent in 1916 and 7.9 percent in 1924; its share of the income of all incomes of $5,000 up was 69.7 percent in 1916 and 46.4 percent in 1924. The decline is considerable.

This decline is emphasized by the gains of incomes of $3,000 to $5,000, this group increasing its numbers from 1,337,116 in 1920 to 1,604,442 in 1924, and its share of the national income from 6.8 percent to 10.7 percent.

The "more equal" distribution of income, apparently, is simply a partial redistribution in favor of the intermediate incomes of $3,000 to $20,000. But is this permanent? Are the largest incomes ($20,000 up) on the decline?

An answer is indicated by a comparison of the gains scored by the different groups since 1921:

COMPARATIVE SHARES OF THE NATIONAL INCOME (PERCENTAGES)

Year	$3,000-$5,000	$5,000-$20,000	$20,000 *and Up*
1921	6.5	6.2	3.9
1922	8.0	7.8	6.0
1923	11.2	8.2	6.3
1924	10.7	9.8	7.9

(Based on "net income" as reported in Statistics of Income, 1921-1924.)

The largest incomes scored the largest gains. In 1924 the share of the national income of incomes of $5,000 to $20,000 increased 3.6 points, while the share of the $20,000-and-up group increased 4 points. Incomes of $3,000 to $5,000 increased their share 4.2 points, but their 1924 percentage was .5 points below 1923. In 1921 the share of the $20,000 up group of the income of all incomes over $5,000 was 38.2 percent and 46.4 percent in 1924—a gain of 8.2 points. While the $3,000-$5,000 group is declining and the $5,000-$20,000 group slackening, the largest incomes are becoming still larger—that is the tendency.

This tendency appears in another form, as revealed in the Preliminary Report, Statistics of Income, 1924. Recipients of incomes of $3,000 to $5,000 decreased by 113,186 in 1924, a decline under 1923 of 6.6 percent, and incomes below $3,000 declined 6.5 percent. Incomes of $5,000 to $25,000 increased only 7.2 percent, while the largest incomes increased 37.5 percent, ranging from an increase of 16.9 percent in incomes of $25,000 to $50,000, to an increase of 70.1 percent in incomes of $500,000 to $1,000,000. There were 74 incomes of $1,000,000 and over in 1924, the same as in 1923, but only 67 in 1922 and 21 in 1921. The number is probably larger, considering tax-exempt investments.

A statistician in a business journal (The Annalist, February 5, 1926, Incomes Show Return toward Pre-War Distribution, by Charles O. Hardy) on the basis of the 1924 income report concludes:

> With the relative stabilization of the price level, of interest rates, and of political conditions, the advantage of the larger fortunes reappears. Too much reliance should not be placed on figures for a single year, but if 1924 proves to be a reliable index we

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APPROXIMATE DIVISION OF THE NATIONAL INCOME (1924)

Income or Class Group	*Numbers Gainfully Occupied*	*Percent of Gainfully Occupied*	*Class or Group Income*	*Percent of National Income*	*Average Income*
Wage-earners	27,090,000	63.0	$22,219,000,000	39.5	$ 820
Farmers	6,500,000	15.1	6,695,000,000	11.9	1,075
Non-wage-earners:					
Below $3,000	6,869,600	16.0	9,337,000,000	16.6	1,360
$3,000-$5,000	1,850,000	4.3	7,312,000,000	13.0	3,950
$5,000-$20,000	595,100	1.4	5,906,000,000	10.5	9,925
Above $20,000	95,300	.2	4,781,000,000	8.5	50,170
	43,000,000	100.0	$56,250,000,000	100.0	$1,310

The income of the incomes of $3,000 up is computed on the basis of returns in the government's Preliminary Report, Statistics of Income, 1924, adjusted to accord with probable real income. The $3,000-$5,000 group is also adjusted as to numbers, since there is considerable under-reporting. Farmers excludes 1,600,000 farm laborers working on home farms, and their income includes rent and interest payments (Crops and Markets, July, 1925, p. 236). Non-wage-earner incomes below $3,000 comprise shopkeepers, professionals, petty manufacturers, salaried employes in managerial and supervisory capacities, etc. "Gainfully occupied" allows for a probable increase of about 2,000,000 from 1920 to 1924.

shall see a gradual return toward pre-war conditions, when the average income of the lower strata of our population was relatively stable, while the incomes of the very rich grew slowly larger.

That is a conservative conclusion: analysis of the whole development since 1916 justifies more emphasis. The illusion of a "more equal" distribution of income is shattered. Concentration of income is again ascendant; and other things being equal (and as they are) this concentration should become still larger.

There is no complete study available of the division of income since 1921. But the table above, while statistically incomplete and provisional, is roughly conclusive, since minor percentage shifts would not alter it materially.

The statistics reveal a staggering inequality and concentration of income, which minor errors cannot offset. Indeed, the benefit of the doubt has been given to the upper layers, and their percentage of the national income is probably larger than the indicated 19 percent.

In 1896, 1.6 percent of the gainfully occupied secured 10.8 percent of the national income, and 19 percent in 1910 (W. I. King, Wealth and Income, p. 231). In 1924, 1.6 percent secured 19 percent (approximately) of the national income. The share of the larger incomes in 1924, while probably slightly under 1916, was equal to 1910 and almost twice as large as in 1896. That is conclusive and unanswerable—the pre-war concentration of income again prevails.

It is the considered opinion of Doctor King that employes "for a long time . . . have received an approximately constant share" of the national income. (The Annalist, November 27, 1925, p. 671.) The "employes' share" was 48.6 percent in 1870, 53.5 percent in 1890 and 46.9 percent in 1910. There was a considerable decline between 1890 and 1910, all the more noteworthy considering the increase in wage-earners and the development of "fancy" salaries paid to "employes" of trustified industry. Between 1909 and 1918 the "employes' share" ranged between 51.6 percent and 55.6 percent, "there being no indications of either an upward or a downward trend." The temporary increase in 1920 and 1921 (59 percent and 58 percent) has since been "normalized" downward.

But "employes' share" is not synonymous with the share of the wage-earners, since it includes the $500 wage, the $50,000 salary and directors' fees. In 1924 "wages and salaries" received by incomes of $3,000 and up (non-wage-earners) amounted to $6,650,000,000 (Preliminary Report, Statistics of Income, 1924, p. 10). That was 12 percent of the national income, and is exclusive of salaries received by non-wage-earner incomes below $3,000. If the "employes' share" of the national income was under 55 percent in 1924, then my estimate of 39.5 percent as the wage-earners' share is probably too large.

There is no statistical proof, accordingly, that the labor share of the national income is larger and becoming still larger. The indications are, in fact, that it may be declining. Moreover, even if that share is constant for the class, individually it is lower, since the wage-earners have been increasing absolutely and relatively.

It is still worse with the farmers. While in 1924 their share of the national income (approximately 11.9 percent) was 1.4 points above their share in 1921, it was 4.6 points below the average for 1917-1919, and considerably below the average for 1910-1916. This decline is not temporary, but a product of long development. According to the National Industrial Conference Board, the farmers' share of the national income declined from 34.6 percent in 1850 to 13.8 percent in 1920, while the number of those engaged in agriculture declined from 63.2 percent to 26.2 percent of the gainfully employed. The farmers' share of the national income has declined absolutely, relatively and individually. Still less than the wage-earners are the farmers experiencing a "more equal" distribution of income.

Business interests maintain that the farmers' lower share of the national income is a consequence of the larger labor share; but, on the contrary, the farmers' decline has been absorbed almost exclusively by the intermediate non-wage-earner incomes between $3,000 and $20,000.

That was the situation in 1924. The enormous business and corporate profits in 1925 indicate a

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still larger concentration of income. According to the Federal Reserve Board, 485 corporations had profits of $2,312,000,000, an increase of $432,000,000 over 1924. Of the largest corporations, 15 alone had net profits of $1,067,906,000, an increase of 16 percent over 1924. Dividend payments were considerably larger. Capital was superabundant, the unparalleled total of over $7,000,000,000 (net) being invested in all forms of securities. The large income-tax payments for 1925, in spite of lower schedules, are another indication of large income concentration.

As against all that, the employment and earnings of labor declined. According to the Federal Reserve Board, manufacturing output in 1925 was 30 percent greater than in 1919 and about 5 percent greater than in 1923, while the number of workers was smaller than in both 1919 and 1923, and their earnings less than in 1923. (Production, employment and labor earnings in 1924 were below 1923.)

That the lower incomes are becoming stationary, if not declining, is apparent in the enormous development of instalment sales during 1925, amounting to approximately $6,500,000,000. This manœuvre is forced upon industry by excess production owing to the comparatively stationary purchasing power of the masses.

Apparently the 1925 statistics should reveal a concentration of income larger than in 1924, perhaps larger than the largest pre-war.

Concentration is being accelerated by the severe lowering of income-tax schedules, a product of the Mellonized theory of taxation favoring the larger incomes. This theory disposes of the "more equal" distribution of income as incompatible with accumulation and industrial development. It makes the larger incomes "custodians" of the national savings, insisting that these alone can insure a surplus for investment and expansion. The theory, naturally, is joyously acclaimed by the larger incomes. It is reminiscent of the theory of a British engineer-economist, that not the concentration, but the more equal distribution of income is dangerous, as, wealth being demoralizing, it is good to limit the demoralization to a comparatively small group!

The Mellonized theory of "custodians" is, of course, a sheer reactionary evasion of the problem of income. But equally an evasion, and more dangerous, is the insistence upon a "more equal" distribution which does not exist. Income and its distribution are not something apart, but interwoven in the whole social fabric, a product of property ownership, of the forms, means and purposes of production, of political and class relations. It is a complex problem, challenging the whole social order. But the ideology and practice of individual acquisition, accumulation and concentration are now ascendant, encouraged by a "business" government. Let us produce and accumulate: there are no social problems! But there is an awakening coming.

LEWIS COREY.

Lullaby

Hush, lullay,
Your treasures all
Encrust with rust.
Your trinket pleasures
Fall
To dust.
Beneath the sapphire arch
Upon the grassy floor
Is nothing more
To hold,
And play is over old.
Your eyes
In sleepy fever gleam,
Your lids droop
To their dream.
You wander late alone,
The flesh frets on the bone,
Your love fails
In your breast.
Here is the pillow.
Rest.

The Lost Host

Cast on the turning wastes of wind,
Are cords that none can touch or see,
Are threads of subtle ore which bind
The grains of wandering air to peace.
If any stretch a hand to find
How fast, how gold, a stuff it be,
He will but dizzy the poor mind
With bending from the steeps of peace,
And though rest catch him in once more,
He sits bewildered there, a bird
A storm beat to the door.

The day comes wildly up the east,
As though the cup of vision broke,
And its clear silver floods released
Go ravaging the calm sky of night;
And all who to that seeing woke
Look coldly on a common sight,
As to outstare substantial stuff;
The substance never is enough
When lids are drenched apart by light.
Before the light shall fade again,
They drag a shadow forth from it,
To print upon the barren brain.

And though when lips are parched to tell
What brooded on the lips too long,
They quench them at a noisy well,
The noise of waters is so sweet,
They say: "The heart has ease of this,
And no more all its burden is,
Than the catch of an old song."
And then to a lost catch repeat
The carking woe, the little bliss;
Like things every mortal hears,
But these tell them in a tongue
Barbarous to your ears.

LÉONIE ADAMS.

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Washington Notes

IF Mr. Coolidge had a true sense of gratitude—which, some cynical Boston fellows who have known him a long time tell me, he has not—he would certainly feel kindly toward, and deal tenderly with, the Democrats. Unquestionably they are his best political friends. More than by Butler and Stearns and Morrow, more than by Hearst and Brisbane and Curtis, more than by all the administration Republicans in House and Senate, more than by the Mayflower publicists and literary ex-diplomats, more than by the Saturday Evening Post and the Herald-Tribune, more even than by Ned McLean—more than by all these, is he helped toward a third term by the Democrats. Of course he does not, and never will, feel grateful to his Democratic friends. For his own political purposes he disguises it, but the fact is, Mr. Coolidge was born with the belief that all Democrats are bad. Some may be worse than others, but there is no real good in any Democrat. That is inherent in the noble Calvin, bred in his bone, part of him. No more narrow partisan ever held a public office. Those who know him best know that when he seems to be non-partisan it is always with a partisan motive. Therefore, he will not be grateful to the Democrats; but goodness knows he ought to be.

Just look at the facts: here he is, a small, colorless, negative person, holding a job many sizes too big for him, yet with a fine prospect of breaking the deeply rooted American two-term tradition which Washington established and Jefferson, Jackson, Grant, Roosevelt and all his other predecessors regarded as unbreakable. Ordinarily, it would be absurd. Ordinarily, no matter how good one's luck had been in the past, the notion of pushing it so far would not be entertained. The party risk would be too great. Also, in Mr. Coolidge's case, the leaders of his party are not with him at heart, anyhow, and beyond doubt would rejoice greatly if he should stub his political toe and break his political neck. A few weeks ago, they really began to hope that the time had finally arrived when it would be safe to shelve the President and pick some "regular fellow" as the head of the ticket. They had watched the cautious Calvin carefully from the beginning of the session, and were beginning to be sure he was slipping. On taxation, on naval cruisers, on his effort to silence newspaper criticism by telling the press of its duty to support administration foreign policies, on various other little matters he seemed to be in bad. To the observant it looked as if he had made quite a series of small mistakes.

Finally the frightful hash of the Nicaragua matter and the Kellogg attitude toward Mexico brought on the administration the most serious and sustained journalistic attack it has suffered since Mr. Coolidge entered the White House. Practically every paper, except the more stupid and stolid of the party organs, reacted against the extraordinary lack of candor that characterized both the President and his Secretary of State in their attempts to justify their Nicaraguan intervention and against the absurd alibis that were put forth one after the other. Only the ever-faithful Public Ledger and the New York Herald-Tribune, so far as I observed, swallowed the whole sorry mess without gagging. By the time this is printed it is to be hoped for the country's sake that the Nicaraguan crisis will be over and our present tense relations with Mexico eased. Such is my hope and belief but whether I am right or not, Mr. Coolidge will have lost prestige and popularity. He is not now, in my judgment, as strong in any direction as he was when this session started a short six weeks ago. Under normal circumstances, and conceding the power of almost any President to renominate himself, the friends of Mr. Coolidge should advise him that the part of wisdom would be to abandon his idea of another term.

Nothing save an overwhelming demand for him, both in his party and among the people, would seem to justify a President in aspiring to stay in the White House longer than the eight years sanctioned by custom. No such demand for Mr. Coolidge exists. It was not present before the session opened, and it is even more completely absent now. But here is where his Democratic friends step in and give him aid and comfort such as he could get in no other way and from no other source. They make plain their purpose so to split their party that a straw man or a dead man or a putty man could be elected on the Republican ticket. All the danger from a waning prestige, negative policies, the accumulation of mistakes and the growth of anti-third term sentiment is obviated by the bloody battle between wet and dry Democrats, Catholic and Protestant Democrats, eastern and western Democrats, which now seems inevitable. One day we have a dry editor so close to Mr. McAdoo as to be regarded as his mouthpiece intimating that if a wet Tammany Catholic is nominated, the dry Democrats will organize a bolt and nominate a candidate of their own. On another day, a Democratic Senator rises on the floor and announces that if the regular Democratic convention nominates a dry, the wet Democrats will hold a convention of their own and nominate a wet. On still another day two southern Senators engage in a cat and dog scrap over the merits and demerits of the late Mr. Wilson, so bitter that later they have their remarks kept out of the record.

A head-on collision, with a tremendous number of casualties, seems inevitable. So certain and so calamitous appears the conflict that most of the strength of the opposition to Mr. Coolidge in Congress has evaporated. The Democratic Senate leadership surrendered on the Nicaraguan affair and left criticism and attack to Mr. Borah in the Senate and a few poorly equipped Democrats in the House. Also, the Democrats are today just as much opposed to an extra session as is Mr. Coolidge. If they had a united party, if they had an issue, if they were not divided and embittered, there would be some sense in an extra session. Not only would the party in power be put on the defensive, but some real and needed legislation could be forced through, for which the Democrats would deserve, and might get, credit. But with things as they are, the sooner they get away from Washington the better. That is how Democratic leaders at both ends of the Capitol feel. They make no secret of it. The extra session wouldn't weaken the other party, it would only serve to deepen the divisions in their own, and demonstrate more clearly their complete ineptitude and incapacity.

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So, leaderless, aimless, without plan and without punch, the Democrats here seem to have resigned themselves to their fate. Every now and then one gets feverish and works himself up to a conviction that if this or that man should be named, or this or that thing done, the party might win. But in their calmer moments they know that political miracles happen rarely and there are few signs of one before 1928. Most men intelligent enough to see the situation are ready to concede that, in view of the condition of the Democratic party, if Mr. Coolidge were seeking a fourth term instead of a third, he would probably be elected—if he could get past his party convention hurdle, as he presumably could.

Of course something may happen to change all this. I said political miracles were rare, not that they never occur. They do, or at least so I am told, though I cannot recall one. I certainly will be surprised if one occurs before 1928, and I repeat now that it is the damned fool Democrats to whom the noble Calvin ought to be grateful, and not to anyone else. They are his real friends.

T. R. B.

Washington.

Miss Haidee Wright

What Never Dies, by Alexander Engel, translated by Ernest Boyd. Lyceum Theatre, December 27, 1926.

FOUR seasons ago I saw Miss Haidee Wright's Queen Elizabeth in Clemence Dane's poetic play about Shakespeare. It was a romantical drama about a poet sentimentally seen, a piece not without a certain theatre sense, and with a word gift and sometimes a sense of the blank verse line that was beyond denying. The basic mind behind the play, however, was rather foolish; there was more twisting and more softness in the conception than the poet, the epoch and the theme demanded. But in the midst of this singing mass, half theatre, half spinster, there was one superbly conceived and finely written part; Miss Wright's rôle, in the character and the speeches, was worthy of her and of anyone.

I can remember now how I was late at the theatre and entered as the curtain rose on a little figure sitting behind a great table at one side—I had not seen Miss Haidee Wright before. She began her speech. It was the finest reading of English verse that I have ever heard. That resistant flexibility in which poetry grows perfect, that pressure of the individual stress against the form, the sense against the verse pattern, struck the ear, and showed once more how glorious is the English tongue, how lively its pulse can be, and with what an undercurrent of sustained energy great reading progresses and what a variety of quantity and tone. It was such reading technically as we might have thought dead to our English theatre. And within that technical rendering there was a nobility of mind and a kind of strange solitude and pathos such as I have seen nowhere else in English tragic acting.

The rôle that falls to Miss Wright in What Never Dies is not unlike that in Will Shakespeare. It has less dominion and eloquence, but the same general outline: a woman ruling her house, a quality of control, invention, ageless variety and grave, ironical wisdom. It is acted with the same beauty and high spirits, and the same lonely pathos as Miss Wright's Elizabeth, and it achieves a style and a level of distinction far beyond any performance that I have seen this year.

Rosina Von Dollereder at eighty-five and her son Tiburtius have been called back to the family seat, she from Vienna, he from Rome, for a conference with Tiburtius's sons, who at forty and forty-two are plotting to keep their father at home and prevent his wasting the Dollereder fortune on a woman that they have heard of as too often seen with their father. The thought of Tiburtius enjoying his life has no terrors for his mother, but when she learns of the money wasted she thinks it time to call a halt. Tiburtius rebels. She suppresses the entire connection, sends them off to bed at seven o'clock when nothing out of dinner but the soup has been served. Tiburtius escapes on the "razorback horse that is used for cutting grass." The family plan to go to Rome after him.

In the villa near Rome we see Tiburtius with his young wife—not his mistress, as the family thinks—and their child of four. He plans a flight. The family appear. There are scenes between father and sons and sons' wives, scenes between the old mother and the young wife. Tiburtius's weakness all his life has been a dread of anything unpleasant; he has told his wife that his sons were boys of seventeen, he has told his family nothing of this late marriage for fear they might think him absurd. It is for this weakness that he must be spanked, and his mother sets her young daughter-in-law to the task.

The whole occasion at the Lyceum has an air of taste and breeding quite out of the common. The company plays agreeably. Mr. Campbell Gullan as the bachelor friend, Mr. Moffat Johnston and Mr. Ernest Cossart, as the two sons, the pious and disagreeable conscience and the amiable soul, hen-pecked and fat, are always in the right key of wit and satire. Miss Rosalind Fuller as the wife has a certain artificial removal that does much to create the necessary continental flavor for the rôle. Her scenes with Miss Wright are charmingly responsive and generous in feeling, an attitude that richly rewards the younger player in this case and that gives all the more grace to her playing.

There are three things that stand in the way of a better success for What Never Dies. The play is fair, though more European in its mood than American; the translation happy. The company is most agreeable. The settings are pleasing, that in the first scene, with its baroque windows and fine baroque curtains, has genuine chic.

But the play itself in the first place is too long; at least fifteen minutes—a long time in the theatre—need to come off. Or perhaps it is the performance that is too long, more speed could be put through the entire production.

The second trouble connects with the first. Mr. Sothern plays much too slowly and so perhaps retards the pace of everyone around him. This defect has nothing apparently to do with any lack of strength or vitality on Mr. Sothern's part. He appears at all times in full command of his powers. But he has an odd way of resting between his speeches. He has no time sense, evidently, for his speeches have the same beat always and his cues are taken with a regularity that kills everything between. You can watch him in speech after speech come exactly at the same interval of time from the last word of the speech before this.

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Nothing on the stage is more fatal to the energy of a scene. Mr. Sothern's whole effect is curiously amiable, placid and monotonous, and takes the play farther than ever from credibility.

Credibility is the third difficulty with What Never Dies. In it the young heroine loves a man nearly old enough to be her grandfather. To an American audience this is hard to believe. Love in our theatres is a simple motive in three pigeon-holes, Maiden, Mother and Money. Under this simple ruling old Tiburtius, though he has more life and charm in him than all his children and grandchildren put together, could come in only through the third cause; he might be loved for his money, but hardly for himself, not by this lovely creature that keeps throwing her round arms about his neck. This naïve conception on our part of sex and marriage thins down the texture of Engel's comedy, and pushes it toward farce. Even the rôle of the old lady, so tyrannical, wise and high-souled, loses somewhat in this dilution. She depends no little on the life that produced her; and it is Miss Haidee Wright's magnificence, rather than what we bring to the play, that makes this character so distinguished and moving.

STARK YOUNG.

"Utilitarian Art"

IT is revealing that the notion of "art for art's sake," of art sprung from itself and for itself, arose with the utilitarianism of the nineteenth century. If you will read the conversations of Gœthe, the prefaces of Racine, the notebooks of Leonardo, the prose works of Dante, and finally trace back to Aristotle and to Plato, you may marvel (if you are a "modern") at the ethical bias in all our classic art. Not alone Milton believed that he was writing "to justify the ways of God to men." It is safe to say that if a respectable goldsmith of the Renaissance had been cornered for a "reason" for his work, he would have professed some moral or some religious purpose not too remote from that which moved the Alexandrians and the prophets. While Theology was hale, æsthetics was its handmaid. Later, art went into the service of the God of Reason; and later still, took on the harness of metaphysics when that science had assumed the imperatives of revealed religion. Only when modern man has debauched the ideal of spiritual progress—old as the Hindus and the Hebrews—into a materialistic and biological pattern, do we come upon Art so divinely considered that it may have no "purpose."

The reason for this is not far to seek. While man's fate was still linked with gods or with godlike values, the arts could honorably serve. When that fate was mechanized into some economic or utilitarian or biological "design," art rebelled and set up a church of its own. The dogma of "pure poetry" and of "art for art's sake" is a reaction from the dogma of pure materialism and of "man for his belly's sake." Being a reaction, it partakes of the nature of the source whence, however obscurely, it has risen.

The doctrine of utilitarianism had two æsthetic offspring. One is obvious: it is the art which in devious ways aims to "get results" in actual life. The debased condition of such art is coming to be suspected even by the bourgeoisie. The other offspring is the art of the Ivory Tower—the art of "æsthetics"—the art of "purposelessness" and of aloofness. And I wish to make clear that these two are radically one. However they may differ in the intelligence that makes them, they are both utilitarian: they are both debased from art's full function.

The philosophy of utilitarian materialism defined life in terms of the pursuit of specific material values. (I speak of it in the past, for it still lingers only in the minds of tyros.) It committed the fallacy of taking some "end" or process *within* life—economic or sexual, personal or biological—and setting it up as the Cause. Like all geneticisms, it was illogical, and was indeed refuted in the texts of the very philosophers whose shallow disciples had invented it. Now, the same point may of course be raised against the nugatory notion of "utilitarian art." Whereas art in its full sense is an organized experience of life, sensorily formed, autonomous and yet contingent, like any individual, on its living context, utilitarian art disavows this individual destiny of art, and aims to reduce art's essence to some specific effect within the world of men.

Examples of this class of instrumental or utilitarian art are everywhere about us. Such is the art of advertisement, of exhortation: such is the play "with a thesis," the fiction of reformers like Upton Sinclair or H. G. Wells. Such, too, are the industrial arts whose purpose is to turn out *salable* machines, rather than *livable* ones, as was the purpose of the ancient craftsmen who worked for an intimate, spiritually harmonious client. The arts of the popular magazines are no less utilitarian. A story which strives simply to amuse is kin to the story which endeavors to reform. The novel that "cleaned up" the Chicago Packingtown may have been more laudable, it was not more utilitarian than the tale which aims merely at killing a few hours' boredom. In both instances, you have that organic life-process called art narrowed and debased to meet some specific sensory demand. Whether the demand be for clean meat or a vicarious amour, æsthetically your books are of one class.

And as "utilitarian art" must be grouped—and condemned also—the current works of the æsthetes. Mr. Cabell's fancies may be more refined than Mr. Sinclair's: they are as remote from the whole province of art which can "help" in life by no less fact than that it *is* life. Mr. Cabell, engineering an escape from life, is not in the lineage of the masters: he is an epigone of the materialists who lowered the whole life process into a "struggle" for comfort or for survival. I see no essential æsthetic difference between the school of Mr. Cabell and Mr. Aldous Huxley, and that of Pollyanna. In the latter case, you get sugar instead of a whole experience of life; in the former, you get some acrid opiate. If this is in any way the revelation of a superior taste, then the jaded adult who adores rotted cheese is superior in taste to the child who calls for candy.

The organism of art is, of course, constructed of sensory appeals; even as is life of sensory materials. In life, these materials—chemical, mineral, vegetable—are mysteriously organized into what is not material at all: into *life*.

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And in true art, the same holds. The sensory appeals—to eye, ear, appetite, memory, emotion—are the materials which the artist has composed into the organic whole called art: which differs from its elements, even as life from its ingredients. A utilitarian philosophy of life might be called one in which some group of these materials in life is made more causative than the whole. A utilitarian art, by analogue, is one in which the main matter (instead of the means) is some appeal to the senses.

Purposely, my definition lumps with the commercial, the pornographic, the dully sensational artists, a whole school of haughty favorites: for instance, Mrs. Virginia Woolf and Mr. T. S. Eliot. Analyze Jacob's Room, and what do you discover? A sensitive woman (the authoress) with deft hands picks to pieces the banal story of an English boy. Upon her nerves, its fragments register sensations. She is not, like Mr. Joyce or Mr. Lawrence, composing these sensations into organic life. *They* are her end and she is using them for a personal sensory delectation which her reader may share. She is not creating at all: she is transposing.

A method equally elegant, equally utilitarian, is that of Mr. Eliot in his Wasteland. The poet picks over his cultural reminiscences. He strokes his own wistful sentimentalism with phrases of Sanskrit and the Elizabethans. His work is an exercise in self-indulgence to which others, equally inclined by impotence, are invited. This is an abuse of art as utilitarian as any in the popular magazines which doubtless Mr. Eliot never sees.

You may apply, for yourself, the same criterion to our music or our painting. Is the composer building the sensory ingredients of his music into an organic life which transcends bare sense, as life transcends bare matter? Or is he *using* his theme—transposing it perhaps from a well known tonal to a striking dissonance—in order to get a sensory appeal? If this is his end, even though his name be thrice Russian, he is as completely a utilitarian artist as the man who writes a Buick ad.

WALDO FRANK.

Enlarge Your Vocabulary

ARE you worried? or ill? or unsuccessful? Are you in debt, rheumatic, or afraid of losing your position? Do people stare at you in street-cars? Does the cook leave? Do you find difficulty in keeping friends, dominating dogs, or digesting your breakfast? Are you failing to forge ahead in business? Are whispering groups suddenly silent at your approach? Do tires mysteriously go flat under you? Did that long-expected raise hang in the air? Do your children blush for you? Did your wife, at the New Year's Eve party, burst into tears as soon as you spoke? Did the president of your concern plead another engagement when you asked him to your club for lunch? Did the out-of-town buyer yawn in your face? Did the bank call your loan? Did the doctor seem unwilling to answer your questions? Did you feel discouraged yesterday? Why have you lost weight? Why do boyhood friends avoid you? Why is your income what it was a year ago? Why did Kiwanis blackball you? Why are you, more or less, out of it, up against it, and with your foot put into it?

Perfectly simple, and all the damage can easily be repaired. You fail to please and to succeed because you don't know enough words, you haven't a sufficient vocabulary. This can be remedied by a little work with the dictionary ten or fifteen minutes a day. Step by step, one goes a long way. Start now, and learn ten new words a day, words with precision, and authority, and mystery, words which have a whiff of history, science, romance about them, words which will make people sit up, take notice, respect, honor and promote you.

Listen. For instance, after a few weeks' study, instead of saying, stupidly and colloquially: "I was to a restaurant the other night and we had a swell feed," you will cause admiration by remarking, rather casually: "Last night we had smew and serotinous shaddock. It certainly was sapid, and didn't we bib from a vespiform cask of stum until its ullage was 100 percent. Please don't dehisce, I'm talking English. Afterwards we discussed the praxis of monandry. My wife was against it, which I cannot dree, and believe me I gave her a jobation. There was an ennead of us around the table. Slype, tain, probang, if you know what I mean. I hope to hansel a lot more like them in the next few months."

Now don't you wish you could talk like that, at any time, at all times, without hesitation? Perhaps it would be well to begin more slowly, and work in a new word only here and there, reaching the full heights of neologism in a rich, gradual crescendo. Learn no more at first than you can assimilate and use without gross automonstration. With this end in view we have compiled a few examples, from everyday American life, which will be of more use to you and other young executives than the older and more Britannic words found in the dictionary. Look about you: every line of endeavor, every walk of life, has its trade terms which are not only interesting enlargements of your horizon in themselves, but also adaptable to the most decorative uses as metaphors and similes in more general contexts. Some of these are already widely known, as, for instance, "He's a flivver," "She's a carbon," "He's a flat tire," "She's a mimeograph," "He's bendix—awful hard to get out," "She's a stamp—needs licking," to mention only a few picturesque technico-colloquialisms. There are thousands more, but knowledge of them is restricted to the arts and crafts where they originated. Some of them conflict. "Bouncer," for instance, may be either (1) a rubber check, returned by the bank as no good, or (2) the person who passes (bounces) the rubber check, or (3) a large man who is paid to throw you out of a saloon.

Now for our glossary of current trade, or cant terms. Everyone knows some, and by coöperation this list can be swelled into a dictionary.

Motormen's and conductors' terms. The middle car of a seven-car subway train is called the *rhubarb,* of a five-car train, the *John J. Cohen.* The first car of a train going uptown is called the *Waffle,* or *Tuesday,* the last car, *Alfred.* When a train involuntarily passes a station without stopping, this is known as *huckleberry.* If the station's street ends in an odd number, the motorman yells *Newark!* and the conductors, if they are union men, answer *cuckoo!* Some of these have already crept into polite society. Frequently the last man in to dinner is greeted by his host and

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hostess with shouts of *Alfred! Alfred!* in which the other guests hilariously join, though ignorant of its origin.

Bootlegger's terms. An empty gallon jug is a *quod.* An empty quart bottle is an *em.* (It is thought that many bootleggers were once compositors, or, more probably, cross-word puzzle fans.) A customer who sneaks out and has the stuff analyzed after delivery is a *farm-hand* (farm=pharmacy). "Whiskey" is called by some bootleggers *scotch,* and by others *rye.* A full gallon jug is called *Lady May,* and a full quart, *Correspondence Courses.* How these terms arose, no bootlegger can explain.

Bushelmen's terms. This rare and secret brotherhood has a language all its own. Trakes they never call trakes, but *daskies;* broken trakes are *billy-daskies;* trakes from size 44 to size 108 are *plan-dunkies.* Hence any man from 44 to 108 is nicknamed *Albion,* or *The Missing Shirt.*

Peckstindle—A word common to a number of occupations. In general, it applies to the kind of person who rushes out into the street late at night to buy extras. Not unnaturally it applies to the newspaper in question, and to its price and contents as well. Hence, *peckstindle*=nickel, murder, Charlie Chaplin, flood, fire, and heavyweight championship. Hence, widened to mean also: revolver, detective, subpœna, and onomatopœia. A clear case of slang degeneration. In taxidermy, applied exclusively to the art of stuffing lionesses.

Attaboy—Now almost obsolete. Originally from Ataman (=Cossack hetman or chief), whence, very painlessly, to *attaboy.* Schuringer traces it to altar boy (q. v.). At present restricted almost entirely to coal heavers, as an expression of pleasure and relief at seeing the last piece of coal go down the chute and out of sight. Also used for the small set-screw on the posterior axis of the rocker-arm of a crim-lathe spindle-iron. Also of the last paragraph of articles in scientific quarterlies.

Runk—A piece of metal fallen off a vehicle on to the street and pressed by traffic into the paving material, of which, though still visible, it has become to all practical purposes a part. A useful word which should be employed oftener to denote persons dominated by the routine of life, but still courageous. Lone Protestants in Catholic communities, conscientious objectors and the like, are *runks.*

Peglams—Box-office cant for people who, upon leaving a theatre, want their money back but do not get it. There are many *peglams* among your acquaintances. Try to spot them.

Snollops—Laundry argot for customers who, having lost the check, cannot recognize their own laundry. Extended into the wider realm of human relations, there is a large number of figurative uses to which the word lends itself.

Plints—Watchmaker's jargon for watch springs which, though in excellent condition and full of energy, have been wound so tight that they refuse to expand. Many humans, as the psychologists have discovered, are maladjusted only to this extent, and *plints* is a good name for them.

This is enough to begin with. Everyone can make his own collection. There is nothing so lowly in the language of the trades that it cannot be adapted to serve a higher and more general function. We do not need to invent words to express unnamed subtleties—right under our noses are the treasure houses of paper hanging, lap-robe mending, curative dentistry, astro-mechanics, spool-winding, phrenology, bare-back riding, tatting, tipping, toping, taping and all the varied branches of orange squeezing. The key to success: Enlarge your vocabulary.

ROBERT LITTELL.

The Bandwagon

GOVERNMENT'S BEST SELLER

Agricultural Department officials in Washington have been puzzled for some time over the wide demand for the 1904 Agricultural Year Book.

Among other things the volume contains a number of recipes, with illustrations, for making burgundies and clarets.

—Associated Press.

BIGGER AND BETTER CHRISTIANS

The preachers have done marvelously well. Missionaries of the Cross have gone to the ends of the earth and given their lives to the cause. But . . . to proclaim religion is an advertising man's job.

—Advertising Club News, New York.

COMES THE DAWN

The motion picture has carried the silent call of honesty, ambition, virtue, patriotism, hope and love to audiences speaking fifty different languages.

—Will H. Hays.

THE LARGER SYNTHESIS

I believe in football because it fuses the college as a unit. Before the first home game each year the college is only a mass of individuals; but with the long yell that greets the team for its first big fight, a new and living entity comes into being.

—President Thomas of Rutgers.

TO ERR IS AMERICAN

If I err, I err sincerely. I err through an excess of patriotism. I err because I am an American.

—Albert B. Fall.

COMES OUT A RIBBON, LIES FLAT ON THE BRUSH

Advertising ministers to the spiritual side of trade. It is all part of the greater work of the regeneration and redemption.

—Calvin Coolidge.

WHERE DO YOU FIT IN?

Smoking by women in America is largely confined, first, to prostitutes; second, to "high society" women who have money but have not or are not loyal to family traditions; third, to poor little flappers with holes in their stockings who want to imitate the society dames.

—Methodist Board of Public Morals.

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CORRESPONDENCE

The Wertheim Fellowship

SIR: Readers of the New Republic who are interested in studying the ways by which industrial relationships can be improved should know of the Jacob Wertheim Fellowship. Any person who has expert knowledge of industrial problems, whether as employer, labor leader, or teacher, is eligible to apply for this Fellowship. The income from the endowment will make possible an allowance of $4,200 for a year's original study in this field, plus $750 for traveling expenses. The findings of fellowship holders are published by the Committee.

Candidates should write at once for application blanks to the Secretary of the Committee, Department of Social Ethics, Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass., as all applications must be in by March 1.

The Committee will welcome plans for the investigation of particular industries or groups of industries and of specific methods of industrial coöperation. It will consider also plans for systematic surveys of the field of industrial relationships as a whole.

JAMES FORD.
Secretary of the Committee on Wertheim Fellowship, Harvard University.

Cambridge, Mass.

An Arbitration Crusade

SIR: Your readers will be interested in a campaign to arouse all peace-lovers to redoubled efforts to prevent war. The method proposed requires no action by the United States that is not reciprocal on the part of other nations. It should meet the approval of every patriot, from the officer of the military training camp who urges preparedness to prevent war, to the absolute pacifist who pledges himself never to fight under any circumstances.

The idea is to induce our government to outlaw war by negotiating treaties with every nation providing for obligatory arbitration or adjudication of all disputes that may arise between them. The United States has made no such treaty. The Bryan treaties were for conciliation, the disputants remaining free to reject the recommendation of the commission. The Root treaties excepted questions of vital interest or national honor. War is not outlawed under any of them.

A nation's honor is vindicated when it has used every proper procedure for obtaining its rights or redressing its wrongs. When arbitration is established as a final resort, the aggrieved nation will maintain its honor by submitting its grievance to an impartial commission or tribunal.

To stimulate interest the following prizes are offered: $100 for the best letter, editorial or article appearing in any publication having at least 5,000 circulation; $100 for the best public demonstration or concerted endeavor for obligatory arbitration; $100 for the best cartoon; $100 for the best slogan; and $100 for the best sermon.

The main idea must be arbitration in each instance. The contest closes July 4, 1927. Address 114 East Thirty-first Street, New York, N. Y.

WILLIAM FLOYD.

New York, N. Y.

Immigrant Backgrounds

SIR: Your review of Doctor Abbott's Historical Aspects of the Immigration Problem recalls once more the cardinal defect of all discussion of this subject, namely, failure to consider extradition treaties. Prior to 1892 there were no extradition treaties with this country except for murder. As a consequence we may safely assume that the immigrants up to 1891 were inferior morally to those of later years. With the single exception of the Irish, who were driven to our shores by famine and cruel oppression, a large proportion of the immigrants were ne'er-do-wells and such as desired to escape the attentions of the police of Europe. England alone sent 100,000 criminals and prostitutes to Virginia just prior to the War of Independence. Throughout the nineteenth century prior to 1892 the north of Europe, particularly England, Holland and Germany, provided a flood of embezzlers and fraudulent absconders who found a ready use for their ill-gotten riches in the opportunities offered by this country. With them came the communists and escaped political prisoners of the 1848 revolutions. This country provided sanctuary for anyone who could get on board a westbound ship. If he brought money he was particularly welcome and no questions asked. But since 1891 there has been a careful weeding. Instead of the pushful scoundrels of former days there have come less resourceful but more law-abiding people from among the economically oppressed of Europe, excellent material for the drill-sergeant and the factory boss, quiet and obedient, easily organized into voters for the political ticket of the day.

EDWARD AMES.

San Francisco, Calif.

Teachers or Nursemaids?

SIR: Your review of Doctor Abbott's Miss Naar recalls once courses. I am taking one such course in which I happen to be very much interested. It is a course where one hands in a slight paper once a week. A day or two ago I asked the instructor if I might be excused from the weekly papers, in order to work on a larger project of my own, in the same field. He hesitated. Then he explained that if he excused me from the weekly papers, and if I should then fail to accomplish the longer paper, there would be no work done at all. I said, in all sincerity, that I saw the point —and withdrew the request. For what guarantee had the instructor that I *would* do the work?

It was only after I went home and thought it over that the answer, "What of it?" occurred to me. Were not the risk and the responsibility mine? If I failed to do the work, why should not the instructor flunk me and let t go at that? I thought of the hundreds of us who do our weekly or daily stint, in the large undergraduate courses. We are carefully allowed only as much freedom as we can safely take, and still get an average grade in the course. I wondered at the solicitude the colleges show for us. Institutions are not generally so tender-hearted.

Now, two things occur to me. In the first place, the colleges complain that they must expand and select in order to take in the ever-growing crowds of immature youth that besiege their doors. Justly, I think, they claim that the average undergraduate cannot stand more freedom than he is given. But is not this the answer to their problem? Give the undergraduates more freedom, and those who are interested in their work will push on. Those who are not will fall by the wayside. What better method of selection could the colleges use?

The second thing that occurs to me is the position of the college teacher. At present his function seems to be to browbeat or persuade the very average student into scraping through his course. To me, the only rational attitude for a college teacher towards his students is, "take it leave it." Not that I would have a teacher indifferent. He should be always ready to help those who seek him. And indeed, in more advanced courses, I have never found my professors anything but eager to help with suggestions and advice. It is in the large, elementary courses that the situation seems to me not only unfair to the teacher, and to the student who is really interested in the work, but also a little ridiculous from the point of view of the suffering undergraduate who has to be bullied or coaxed to a triumphant C—.

Let our professors shift the burden of responsibility to us, and leave us alone to sink or swim.

M. M. K.

Cambridge, Mass.

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A Humanist of Science

Aspects of Science: Second Series, by J. W. N. Sullivan. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 205 pages. $2.50.

THE second series of Mr. J. W. N. Sullivan's Aspects of Science is perhaps even more interesting than the first. "The main idea illustrated by these essays," he writes, "is that science depends not only on the nature of the external world, but also upon the nature of the human mind." Mr. Sullivan is the fully developed type of the non-mechanistic scientist of our time; and, with the exception of Bertrand Russell, he is probably, from the literary point of view, the most accomplished and brilliant popularizer of modern scientific theory. (He has written already, for a popular audience, besides the two series of Aspects of Science, a short History of Mathematics in Europe, published by The Oxford Press; a little book on Atoms and Electrons: Doran; and Three Men Discuss Relativity: Knopf.) For him, the materialistic position is "unintelligible"; mathematics and physics are an art, which introduce order into certain departments of our experience, just as poetry, music and painting introduce order into certain other departments; they are far from providing satisfactory explanations of all that we feel and know.

Mr. Sullivan, in his first book, was content to point out the æsthetic character of science and to show how its theories were colored by the temperaments of those who formulated them. He here pursues some bolder speculations. "The universe of modern science has fundamentally nothing in common with the scientific universe on which rationalism was built. It is not merely that hypotheses have changed. The rôle of the hypothesis has changed. The universe, which was to be explained in terms of little billiard balls and the law of the inverse square is now a universe where even mystics, to say nothing of poets and philosophers, have a right to exist. . . . So that we reach the conclusion that mysticism and science can quite well live together. Except on the basis of a rationalism whose foundations have long since crumbled, there is no conflict whatever between mystical insight and science. And the man who prides himself on the complete absence of mystery in his view of the world is not only not representing the scientific outlook, but will speedily become quite unable to understand it." This volume, which contains a short sketch of the structure of the atom, ends with an essay on Herman Melville.

Such books as this are attractive nowadays, not only for the good news they bring of the collapse of the scientific machine-shop which we have all suffered a little from inhabiting, but also for another reason which Mr. Sullivan himself suggests in his opening essay. "There is hardly any department of modern life which is not full of thieves who have broken through to steal. To distinguish between the true and false, the emancipated and the corrupted, requires exceptional delicacy and integrity. This almost inextricable blending of the base and the noble is particularly prominent in the arts. It is so easy now, in literature or in music, to be smeared by unclean things. Many a young man and woman has been seduced into sitting at the feet of what they supposed was some modern Voltaire, and found that the wit and the grace covered nothing but a stupid sneer. Or they may have found that the indignant denouncer of the wrongs of suffering Europe was really nothing but a cheap little careerist. There is so much of that sort of thing now, and it is so plausibly done. Perhaps the cleanest thing in the modern world is science. It is a difficult atmosphere for charlatans, the prizes for careerists are very small, and it is not a happy medium in which to express corrupt emotions."

Is it not perhaps true, as Mr. Sullivan says, that science is the only form of creative activity which does not appear demoralized since the War? In the case of music and literature, for example, it is not merely that they may be called "unclean" in the conventional sense. It is certainly true, despite all the censorships, that modern literature and the modern stage practice a license scarcely known in Europe since the Renaissance. In English, we have brought back to literature, with the moral anarchy of an age of individualists, all the horrors of the Elizabethans and the scandals of the Restoration: sexual perversity, the criminal as hero and the glorification of excess, with their accompaniments of blackguardly language and disorderly syntax; and, at the same time, we have revived the Elizabethans and the Restoration poets themselves. But, when we consider the productions of our own time side by side with those, at least, of the Elizabethans, we are struck by the fact that, despite the sense of adventure—precisely, that "sense of possibilities" of which Mr. Sullivan writes in connection with modern science—despite the variety, the vividness, the exhilaration of danger and freedom, which we share with the sixteenth century, and which are always so attractive in themselves, our literature, in comparison with that of the Renaissance, has also an aspect of abjectness which too often depresses or disgusts us.

Who are the heroes of the Elizabethans? Tamerlaine and Doctor Faustus; Othello, Coriolanus and Antony. Who are the heroes of the Restoration? Mr. Horner and Rochester. But the heroes of our own time are Mr. Bloom, the narrator of Proust's novel and the poet of The Waste Land. Throw in M. André Gide and Mr. D. H. Lawrence, and I doubt if we shall be more happily inspired. On the immediate American scene and on a smaller scale, our ideal characters are the protagonists of The Great Gatsby, The Sun Also Rises and Manhattan Transfer. Some of these personages are hopelessly submerged in a stagnant and middle-class society, against which they lack the spirit to rebel; others are neurasthenic and obsessed by sexual manias; nearly all live in constant terror of the normal conflicts of life—the lover's conflict for the woman he loves, the citizen's conflict with society to make it respect him and give him a place. They fail, and fail sympathetically, but seldom gloriously; and they complain rather than protest. For their readers, these books become encouragements to resign themselves to the ignominy of life, rather than inducements to conduct it with more honor or with more magnificence. And our very popular prophets today are splenetic reactionaries like Mencken and Papini, preaching themselves a sort of resignationism. American literature is perhaps a little better off in this respect than European literature; but we still assume, I think, far more than we have a right to, something of the same hang-dog countenance. It is in so far as modern art is abject in this fashion and accepts its abjectness with complacency, that it is "unclean" in Mr. Sullivan's sense.

Science, however, is not abject, but, just at present, particularly heroic. In such books as those of Mr. Sullivan, we enjoy, not only a lucidity and an elegance, but also a certain serene exhilaration. In the last century, it was often literature which magnified humanity and almost invariably science which made us feel insignificant. Today, the situation seems reversed: it is science which restores us to importance: and fiction and poetry which very often make us feel like worms.

EDMUND WILSON.

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Personally Conducted

White Waters and Black, by Gordon MacCreagh. New York: Century Company. 404 pages. $4.

The Fire of Desert Folk, by Ferdinand Ossendowski. Translated by Lewis Stanton Palen. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 342 pages. $3.

On the Stream of Travel, by James Norman Hall. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 365 pages. $3.

THE eminent scientists who comprised the Mulford Biological Exploration to the uncharted reaches of the Amazon may not be entirely pleased with Gordon MacCreagh's journal of the expedition. MacCreagn has an eye for humor and his picture of the six academic tsars marooned in the jungles of South America will give vast delight, not only to all who have worked under those particular authorities, but to all who feel that science is sufficiently accepted in this age to permit us to gaze behind the scenes upon the personalities of its leaders. Not that MacCreagh treats his heroes with undue levity, but when middle-aged scholars who have never traveled except by train initiate their outdoor experiences by scaling the 19,000-foot Andes on muleback, when they lose their power of articulation along with their only sets of false teeth, when, exasperated by living in too close quarters, they take to communication by memoranda and to the deferred academic revenge of exhaustive diaries, we rejoice that unwittingly they had taken along with them a scribe with a sense of the ridiculous. Not all of the record is amusing but we laugh at what is ridiculous because at the test of actual hardship the funny professors came through so nobly. Institutions planning any sort of investigation will do well to consider all that lies behind this lively chronicle. Science is science but scientific facts are discovered—or not discovered—by very human individuals and a keen-eyed record of most investigations would furnish clues as to why the progress of science is sometimes very slow, and why its steps are at times sidewise and backward as well as forward.

The traveler who ventures into any of the backward countries which are under European control—to say nothing of our own possessions and near-possessions—will find hospitality his chief danger, and even so intelligent and adventurous a wanderer as Ossendowski goes down before the diplomatic attack of French courtesies in Morocco. He sees the country through the eyes of French officials and interpreters. His picture of native life is of the homes of wealthy Moroccans to which the French had him invited, and to this courtesy and hospitality he responds with an unquestioning admiration for French administration and for the developments by which the French are exploiting the country. Of what this exploitation means to the natives his French guides give him no inkling. Instead, his narrative is embroidered with picturesque bits of history and legends of the vanished glories of dead empires, of Carthage and Rome and the successors of Mohammed. Far be it from me to criticize a man for taking his wife along on his travels and for trying to make the holiday jaunt as pleasant as possible, but to offer this record of personally conducted parties as a commentary on present day conditions in Morocco is something else again.

By way of introduction to his chronicles of vagabondage, James Norman Hall gives us a glimpse into his childhood, of the early dawn glamor of romance brought to the flat little Middle Western village by the hoboes who made it a way station to the ends of the earth. All that follows is an extension of this childhood fascination, the record of a man sensitive to beauty and freedom and significance who has escaped from the standardized existence of today, still a bit conscious of his freedom and grateful that, when he wakes, it is to find the dream still with him. Whether he travels to Iceland or the South Seas is of little importance, for his record is not of places, but of a soul in search of beauty and significance. His work is distinguished from most of the literature of escape by the fact that he leaves one with a keener sense of the possibility of freedom in life, whether one can hop a cargo boat and follow him to the ends of the earth or whether one stays in the same spot and looks at life with eyes more widely opened to its significance.

VALESKA BARI.

Wantons and Shrews

The Fifteen Joys of Marriage. Ascribed to Antoine de la Sale. Translated from the French by Richard Aldington. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. Broadway Translations. 241 pages. $3.

THE bitterest gibes at marriage have usually come from the bachelors. Perhaps this is because, as Mr. Shaw said recently, no married man would dare tell the truth about marriage while his wife was still alive. Or perhaps, as married men think, there may be a dose of envy in the bachelors' scorn. At any rate the author of The Fifteen Joys of Marriage assures us in the Prologue to his work that he has never been caught in the trap himself. Five hundred years ago he put it down as his opinion that "a man lacketh common reason who . . . of his own free will findeth out the entrance of a narrow prison . . . and casteth himself therein." To this unknown writer of the fifteenth century, as to Mr. Mencken today, a married man looked as ridiculous as a tame rabbit. But the old Frenchman did not blame those who enter into matrimony, "seeing that we are in this world to the end that we do penance, suffer afflictions and mortify the flesh, to the intent that we gain Paradise." This was no doubt the real meaning of the proverb that matches were made in Heaven.

Mr. Aldington has rescued this lightest and most amusing of the mediæval French satires against women and made the first translation into English since the sixteenth century. Although he ranks himself only as an "amateur," he has already shown, in his volume of French Studies, that he has an unusual knowledge and sympathy where mediæval literature is concerned. For his translation of The Fifteen Joys he has written an introduction, which gives the reader, without any of the technicalities of scholarship, all the information he needs to understand the book. Most readers, who may have had their doubts about the workings of mediæval chivalry, will not be surprised to find that it created misogynists as surely as prohibition creates bootleggers.

The fifteen "ceremonies" of marriage appear to the bachelor's eye as "the greatest torments, dolours and griefs," but the fortunate husbands "hold them for joys, delights and felicities and deem that no other joys are to be compared with them." No skulking bachelor has the privilege of being wheedled into buying gowns he cannot afford; of being cuckolded with younger gallants; of being driven into exasperation and then made to feel in the wrong; of being scorned, after the first few years of marital prowess, as a fellow of little virility; of being tricked, teased, lied to, tormented and led by the nose. The epi-

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sodes which illustrate these Joys are frequently skilful; the dialogue is sometimes naïve, sometimes slyly malicious. The wives are without exception either wantons or shrews, while the good husband suffers his felicities, and according to the refrain at the end of each episode, "weepeth ofttimes in the trap he had so much desired and according to the refrain at the end of each episode, not, never would he rest content until he had entered therein."

Any of us can do with a little bolstering up from time to time by hearing the faults of the other sex recounted. But the sweeping indiscrimination in the mediæval satire takes the edge off its zest for the modern husband. When her man was the only lever a woman had to move the world, no doubt she often bore down hard upon it. But husbands whose wives are heading advertising agencies, editing magazines and otherwise making themselves independent of any masculine pocketbook, find themselves nowadays reduced from their rank of combined watchdog and money-till to the more difficult rôle of human beings. Horns flourish on their heads as thickly as in the Middle Ages, but since it has been called to their attention that even husbands are no longer indispensable, they cannot get the old full satisfaction out of attributing *all* the weaknesses to the other sex.

LAWRENCE S. MORRIS.

Interpreting Mexico

The People Next Door, by George Creel. New York: The John Day Company. 418 pages. $4.

Tampico, by Joseph Hergesheimer. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

GEORGE CREEL'S Interpretive History of Mexico and the Mexicans, as he subtitles his book, has the merit of timeliness. More and still more light is needed, given our long troubled inter-governmental relations. A concluding plea for "patience and sympathy," in view of "Mexico's tragic history . . . long centuries of oppression, betrayal and stark wretchedness," sums up the writer's objective. He has sought to write that tragic history. But after commending his purpose one cannot but wish that he had begun boldly with the last fourth of his narrative which deals with the Diaz régime and the revolution, where his knowledge is often first-hand and some of his material new to the American public. What precedes is, excepting the Texas episode, the same old political historiography. Priestley had already done it as graphically, more completely in an equal space, and far more authoritatively. Of what value or interest per se is the dull and sordid milling of official pygmies? Mr. Creel never even suggests that Mexico's troubles lie chiefly rooted in her economic subsoil.

One hundred and twenty-five pages deal with the Texas question and sequent war—to shattering the belief nigh universal in Mexico, and widespread at home, that the United States played a wholly ignoble and predatory rôle. Mr. Creel blames Mexico's politicians alone for the loss of their territory and our northern party leaders and subsequent historians for creating and perpetuating the doctrine of American guilt. This point of view Justin H. Smith's histories have established convincingly and exhaustively. Mr. Creel's special contribution is an attempted exoneration of the "slave-holding South" from the charge that it fostered our southward expansion to increase the slavery area.

Such disproportionate emphasis is justified only if viewed as an effort to offset "gringophobia," which not unnaturally got a running start in Mexico with the loss of half her territory, by presenting the anti-Mexican view in a popularly written book that is otherwise "simpatico." The Mexican guilt, however, has also been effectively set down for the Mexicans by one of their number, Francisco Bulnes, in his Las Grandes Mentiras de Nuestra Historia, from which Mr. Creel cites freely. But if worth doing again such a study ought to have been well documented, adducing new proof. Citations even from secondary historians are sparse, and from such polemic writers as De Lara and Pinchon, who do not pretend to be authoritative.

Needless to say, historical writing is not discredited for lacking the scholastic trappings, which not infrequently serve only to awe the uninformed, but the burden of proof falls heavily upon the reckless pontificator. Mr. Creel tells us that John Quincy Adams was "never well balanced at best"; James Russell Lowell was "politically an ass"; General Grant wrote "with customary inaccuracy"; (all of which might conceivably be alleged about Mr. Creel himself); Daniel Webster's "sudden abomination of the war . . . as complete a right-about as the grimy history of politics affords"; and no one ever "packed more downright lies" in fewer sentences than Henry Clay. Mr. Creel entitles one of his chapters Truth versus History, and denounces historians generally and in particular Hubert Howe Bancroft, for "falsification." Now iconoclasm has become a healthful fashion among modern writers, but to merit consideration it surely must be based on a more thorough searching for and weighing of the ultimate scrap of evidence. Mr. Creel does not hesitate to cite as an authority in one place one whom he excoriates in another.

How then does he handle a later international drama in which he was at least admitted behind the scenes? Why, quite in the manner of the Committee on Public Information. The case for President Wilson's Mexican policies is a good one, but Mr. Creel would have it perfect by selecting only such acts and utterances as paint admirable consistency triumphantly vindicated. When he reaches the Tampico flag salute incident, and the consequent seizure of Vera Cruz, he disregards the facts that vitiate his thesis. (The two hundred-odd Vera Crucians, many of them non-combatants, who were massacred in the long-range bombardment by U. S. warships, he does not mention at all.) Victoriano Huerta, Admiral Mayo, Congress, are all to blame, but not Mr. Creel's impeccable hero.

Yet it would be unfair not to allow Mr. Creel his share of bias. His account of Diaz, Madero, Huerta, Carranza and Obregon is shrewdly and vividly written. It pours unmistakably from the profundity of his conviction.

A utopian journalism would seek to lure Joseph Hergesheimer into the neglected field of the higher reporting. Tampico neither adds to nor diminishes his stature as an artist, as a literary craftsman in cameo and chiseled ivory. But it everlastingly establishes him as a penetrating observer, sensitive to hidden values, rarely intuitive. It reveals more about the oil game as played in Mexico and the character of those engaged in it than the Fall-Doheny trial, the Kellogg-Saenz notes or a derrick-high pile of the house-organic literature of the petroleum industry.

ERNEST GRUENING.

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Fiction Notes

The Red Pavilion, by John Gunther. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.

A NOVEL by a clever man, who is too clever to achieve the cleverness that he sought. A tale of Chicago intellectuals, misfits, love affairs, in a great stir of froth, with amusing intermissions, lent to his characters by the author for the duration of the book only. Some smartish writing, and some smarty writing too. A dab of this and a dab of that, a whiff of Europe, several courses of Chicago salad, parsley from the sciences, catnip from the arts, parings from life, the likeness of real red meat without its taste, and a great deal of just-as-good caviar smeared all over the place. It is not all unlike what is going on today, among people of that kind, in a city like Chicago. Not unlike them, that is, when you examine the book anatomically; when you put it together again, it is not like anything except itself, or its author, obviously a lively and rather gifted person with a tin-foil plow scraping a two-inch furrow through swift-moving acres of very sandy soil. A good example of one of the extremes, contrasting acidly with the heavy soul-burrowers. At one end, the patient moles, seeking God in tunnels; at the other, the whirligig throwers of word-cocktail parties, always ready with a dividend. And what lies between the extremes isn't so good either.

She Shall Have Music, by Alyse Gregory. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

MISS GREGORY'S story of a modern young girl finding her painful, glorious way from a mould to freedom is a good example of how far intelligence, sympathy, integrity and skill with words will take a novelist toward the promised land of creation, and how far she will still be from her goal at the end, for lack of the inscrutable gift which brings men, women and books to life. Her girl is there on paper, a plausible, likable youngster, introduced to us by a careful, understanding, generous-hearted and high-minded interpreter, but she remains on the paper. The bread is well-baked, of nourishing, substantial stuff, but it will not rise. And such is not the easiest bread to eat, so we confess, along with much appreciation of the qualities of Miss Gregory's heart and head, more than a little boredom with what these two partners have turned out. Here is a great deal, particularly in the visual descriptions of things and people, which is "almost," and a long draught of the "almost" is more depressing, for humanitarian reasons, than an equal quantity of the "not by a long shot." She Shall Have Music also raises the question of the internal form of the novel, and suggests that its author did not decide enough of the intimate problems: where to stand, and what to have knowledge of, and through whose eyes to see.

This Day's Madness, by the author of Miss Tiverton Goes Out. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.50.

AS one reads along, one says to oneself, This is a foreign product; we could not have produced it here; no one in this country can write so well, have so little to say, and at the same time be unconscious of both facts. This Day's Madness concerns a very correctly brought-up young girl, living in a vicar-infested wilderness, who revolts. A young girl who revolts! What a plot, what an opportunity! Frying pan into fire, we should say: she revolts from an author-made situation into an equally author-manufactured elopement with a queer, sympathetic, short-spoken elder man—you know the kind, and have seen the same model turned out from many other authors' factories. This book, however, is faintly different: over the story hovers distinction, like a low cloud, imminent, pervasive, but never actually touching what goes on. What goes on is plausibly impossible—a rather rare product of the literary hot-house, but valuable only as a rarity. One has, also, as one reads This Day's Madness, that queer feeling of eavesdropping upon a writer, of overhearing things not meant for profane ears, things which were said by the author to herself, for herself. In that sense, an intimate novel. In the sense of verbal texture alone, a very well written one. But in no ordinary, daylight sense a good one.

King Goshawk and the Birds, by Eimar O'Duffy. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

A MATTER of taste, with very little for the reason to fasten upon in explanation of approval or disapproval. If you think it clever to imagine that King Goshawk, American wheat magnate and millionaire, had taken it into his head to corner all the song-birds in the world, cage them, and charge admission to hear them sing, all is well. If you think Guzzelinda is a good name for Goshawk's wife, or for anything, all is well. If you like facetious fantasy, kept with great diligence at a temperature of never more than 56 degrees, and never less, you will like this, though hardly with fervor. If on the other hand you cannot abide mythical characters brought to our modern earth and puzzled by it; if no stream of whimsy, unflavored with real satire, life or humor, can seem to you sufficiently short; if heavy asides by the author, from behind his hand in a stage whisper, annoy you, Mr. O'Duffy's sustained, but unsoaring flight of fancy will vaguely displease. In any case the temperature of pleasure or displeasure will about equal the temperature of the book itself. Vanilla, with a little nutmeg; harmless, but probably an acquired taste.

Stories and Dramas, by L. N. Tolstoy. Translated by Mrs. Lydia Turin, Mrs. H. M. Lucas, and C. J. Hogarth. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

THIS is the second translation, within a year, of Tolstoy remains never before available in English, and there seems almost no reason why these stories and plays should have been rescued from oblivion. The usual clamor, that here are fragments which the author himself would have chosen to suppress, need not be raised, for did not Tolstoy in his renunciatory old age, come to regret Anna Karenina and War and Peace as youthful, worldly mistakes? The contents of this volume belong to Tolstoy at various ages, and were written from 1857 to 1894, but they have little to do with any of his great phrases, whether creative or ascetic. They are simply thin, worthless, inferior stuff, of almost unbelievable dullness. Long, lifeless, talky plays, slim sketches, early dabblings, late monologues —they do not even possess the interest of illuminating, by their curiosity and singularity, the life of a great man. It could safely be said that were Tolstoy's connection with them suppressed, few people would guess there was any connection at all. That a genius can be dull, not perversely, characteristically, but flatly and simply dull, is a fact so well established that we may decently wonder why a whole volume of attic papers was thought necessary to

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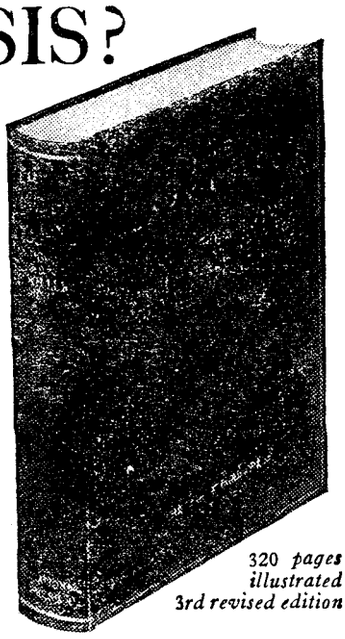

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prove it all over again. Homer is believed to have nodded; and now we know that Tolstoy snored.

Ninth Avenue, by Maxwell Bodenheim. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.

MR. BODENHEIM has shown himself a poet worth paying attention to at times. As a novelist, he deserves only the notice which the pretentiousness of his viscous stories invites. Ninth Avenue is exactly as valueless as Replenishing Jessica, for exactly the same reasons, which do not bear upon the subject matter of the latter, though it was drearily dirty, nor of the former, though it is drearily soiled. No, what chiefly repels in these two novels is neither Replenishing Jessica's greasy coat of sex nor Ninth Avenue's thin smear of it, but the mixture of leaden intellectualism, canned Greenwich Village, peep-hole realism, pedestrian fancy, basement pathos, notebook dialect, cardboard character and Sunday-supplement prose which crawls so slowly and at the same time so lick-choppishly on its belly through acres and acres of nothing at all. Ninth Avenue bears the same relation to the world of real human beings that last week's coffee grounds do to the vegetable kingdom. R. L.

Anthropology a la Freud

Social Anthropology, by Géza Róheim. New York: Boni and Liveright. 487 pages. $7.50.

THIS ponderous volume is not what its title would lead the unsuspecting reader to believe. For this is not a description of the ways of primitive folk, their cultures and the forces which have operated to make them what they are. We have here no stand taken on the controversy of the diffusionists versus those who hold independent origin of cultural traits possible; no discussion of the relationship between various parts of cultural provinces which can be discerned; no distributions of the many ways of carrying on the business of life which have been devised by mankind. Not at all—what Doctor Róheim calls Social Anthropology is rather a tight, though extended, discussion of that particular aspect of the culture of the Australians termed totemism—it is, to quote his sub-title, "a psychoanalytic study in anthropology and a history of Australian totemism." Thus we have social anthropology.

For Doctor Róheim, there are three great dates in the history of anthropological thought. "I am convinced," he states, "that the historian of Anthropology in future ages will note three great years in our science: 1871 for Primitive Culture, 1890 for The Golden Bough, 1912 for Totem and Taboo, and it is only with the third that we have begun to see behind the curtain of the stage on which the great Drama of Mankind is acted." Having thus, in his introduction, stated his theoretical position in no uncertain terms, we are not surprised to find the sort of thing which follows. Now, to the mind that accepts the ethnological hypotheses which were advanced by Freud in his work mentioned above, what follows is necessarily a splendid scientific account of the historical development of Australian totemism. And that Doctor Róheim has gone conscientiously about his task no one would dream of denying. Compared with his colossal command of source material, and the labor he has expended to leave no printed page referring to the Australians untouched, the work of all other students of Australian totemism—and there have been many—seems like child's play. There are, for example, fifteen closely printed pages devoted to bibliography alone. He gives us maps showing the distributions of the aspects of the Australian totemic complex considered by him—the location of various types of initiation ceremonies, of methods of disposal of the dead, and so on and on.

But his whole discussion is Freudian in the narrowest sense of the term. Doctor Róheim seems to have absolutely no historical sense, as the term is commonly understood. Everything must be referred to the Freudian hypotheses, and must be neatly fitted into place, or, if this is not possible, must be crushed and jammed into his structure. Thus, at the outset of the book: "There seems to be good reason to suppose that humanity inherited from its semi-brutal ancestors the form of society which has been called the Cyclopean family; a number of young males, young and adult females roaming about on a restricted area under the leadership of a single full-grown male. . . . The next stage in the evolution of humanity is the conflict between Old and Young, between the jealous Father and the grown-up Son, the prize of the victor—the cause of the conflict—being the women of the horde. . . ." And this is all proved very neatly by reference to the stories of the Australians termed "conflict" myths!

Let me quote again, this time from the last chapter of the work, to show how the assumptions which are basic to this study color the vast erudition of Doctor Róheim. He wishes to reconstruct the historical development of Australian totemism for us. Two aspects are essential, he tells us, the ethnological and the psychological. So he proceeds: "We begin with the ethnological part of our work and shall state our position briefly as follows: Australia has been peopled by two consecutive immigrations; the first wave is represented by the tribes of the south and southwest, with their negative form of totemism; the second by those of the north, centre, and west, with their positive forms. From a psychological point of view the chief difference between these two waves lies in the relative position of the libido to repression, the first wave being characterized by a successful repression of the Œdipus complex, the second by the return of the repressed elements."

Statements such as this simply cannot be considered seriously. I need not discuss here the validity of the Freudian ethnological hypotheses—whatever the therapeutic value of psychoanalysis, the happiest adventures of its founder are not his ethnological ones. Perhaps the greatest service which can be expected of this huge work is that it will, by furnishing the reductio ad absurdum of this type of ethnological reasoning, release the psychoanalysts for the work of curing hurt minds which is properly theirs. But one regrets that the talent of Doctor Róheim has had to apply itself to this kind of usefulness. MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS.

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